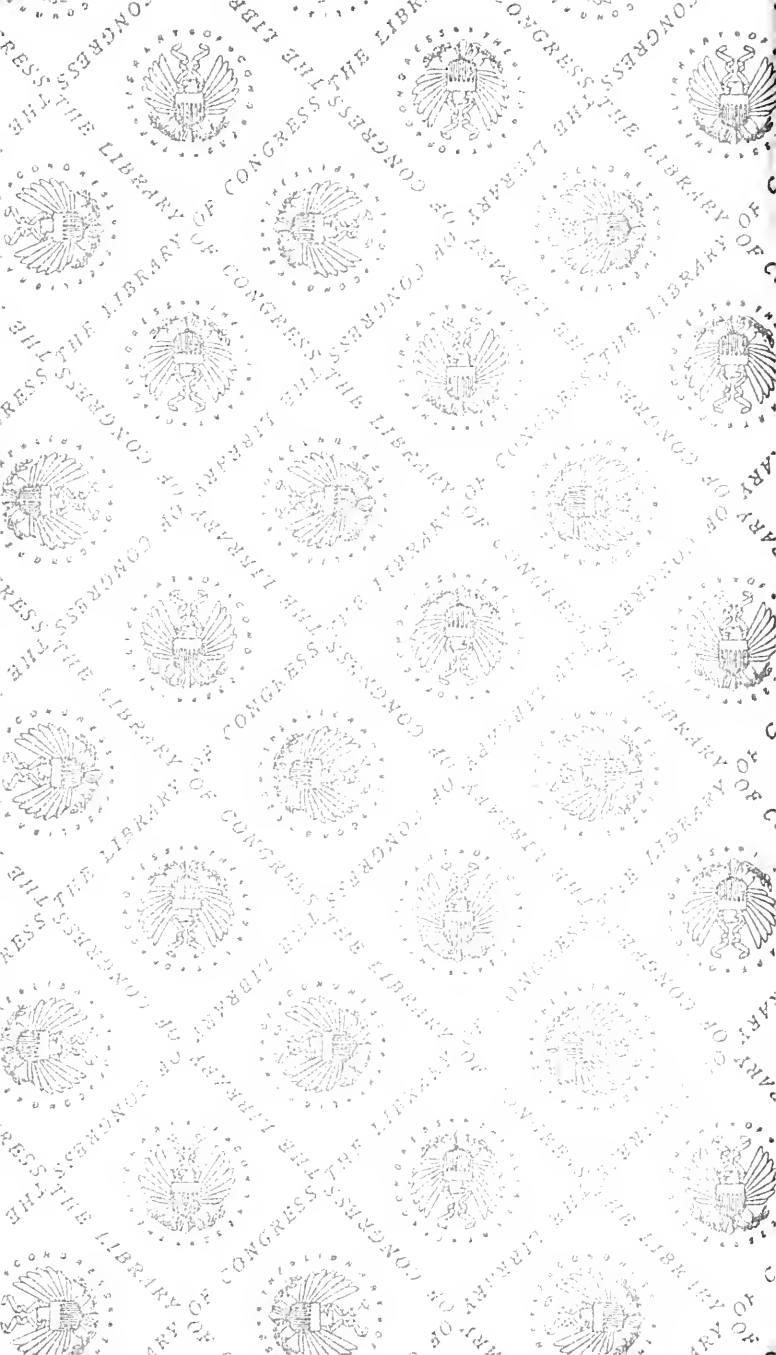
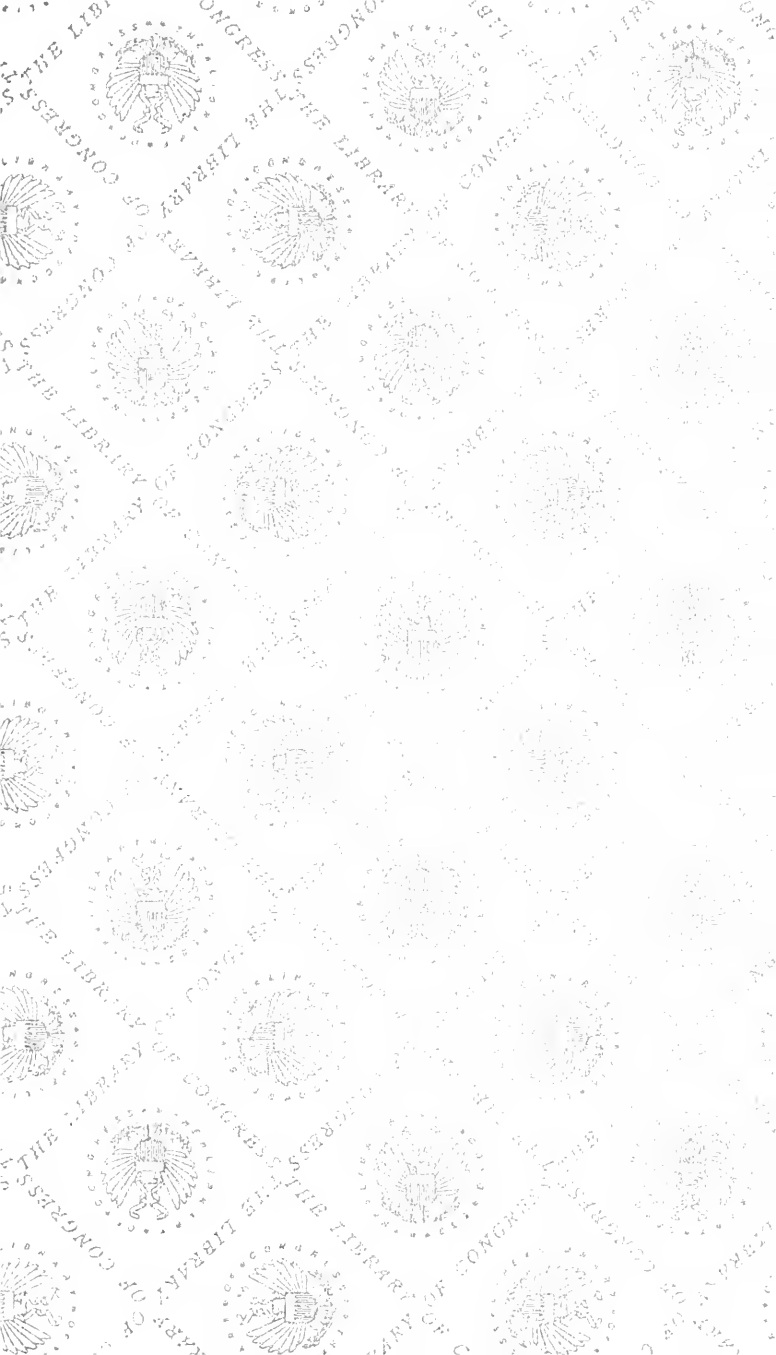


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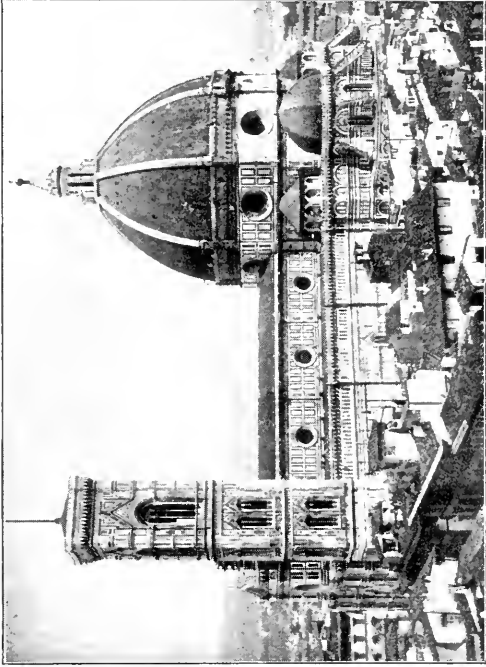


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FLORENCE.

PROVIDENTIAL EPOCHS.

BY

FRANK M. BRISTOL, D. D.



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CINCINNATI: CRANSTON & CURTS.

NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON.

1894.

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PREFACE.

THE contents of this book first took form in a series of lectures on Providential Epochs, intended for Christian young people, who were presumably taking up certain courses of reading along historical lines. The author's aim was simply to furnish an incentive to the more thorough study of those events which had ever seemed to him demonstrative of the history-shaping activity of Divine Providence. The limitations of a lecture precluded the possibility of exhaustive treatment. The author claims originality in nothing. He hopes for nothing more important to come of his book than a desire on the reader's part to know more of these great epochs by the study of the recognized authorities. It will be most gratifying

to hope that such study may promote a belief in the Providence of history, a confidence in the world's perpetual advancement and a growth of pure and lofty patriotism in the hearts of our American youth.

F. M. B.

EVANSTON, 1894.

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I.

THE RENAISSANCE.

I.

THE RENAISSANCE.

ART and letters have vied with romance and arms in giving fascination to

“The lovely land of Italy.”

This sunny peninsula, by nature beautified and by genius made classical, has furnished the stage on which have been cast many of the most brilliant and important scenes in the drama of History.

A study of these scenes will leave the impression upon our minds that neither the vigor and the simplicity of the old Roman Republic, nor the power and greatness of the Empire of the Cæsars, have added a more charming and interesting chapter to the history of progress than the intellectual activity and art triumphs of the Renaissance. The Renaissance was a short and brilliant era of less than a single century; it was but an epoch—an intellectual awakening—prophesying ages of enlightenment, and a final civilization of universal humanism.

The philosophical student looks upon an intellectual revival or a religious reformation as the

result of a growth, the germ and genesis of which may often be too remote and obscure to be defined. The events which mark an epoch in the world's development are seldom, if ever, the result of a single and discernible cause. While some writers have given what they suppose to be the precise dates of the beginning and close of the Renaissance, the more philosophical student must assume that the initial date of a grand moral or intellectual movement is as remote and obscure as its causes.

It is sufficient to say that the Renaissance, in its full-orbed brightness and clearly-defined historic character, belongs to the fifteenth century. It may be confined within seventy-five years of that century—the span of a single lifetime.

A rapid survey of the events which lead up to this epoch will help us to understand its historic place and relations. Five hundred years from the Golden Age of Augustus, the Goths had stripped the last Roman emperor of his power. But long before this the storied greatness of Rome had passed away; her forum no longer echoed with Ciceronian eloquence; her academies were closed; and no poet could string anew the charmed lyre of Virgil, or fill again the musical reed of Horace.

The sword with which the mighty Julius had conquered the world was in the dust, and not a hand in Rome was strong enough to raise it in victorious self-defense. The art, learning, statesmanship, and military power of the Latins had been a story of the past for two hundred years when Attila the Hun swept down with fury into Italy, and made the cruel boast that the grass no longer grew where his horse had set his foot. Paganism had spent its force. The fabric of society, which rested on military power, or on mere worldly culture, though often beautiful and imposing, had, by the very logic of its character, crumbled to its ruin. A race enervated by centuries of indulgences born of wealth or power became the easy prey of the still vigorous conquerors from the barbaric North.

Everything intellectual and æsthetic perished when the sword and torch of the barbarian swept across those old classic realms, and the conqueror made sad havoc of whatever remained of the monuments of ancient taste and culture.

Turn to the East. Three hundred years after the age of Pericles the glory of Greece had vanished like a dream, and her career as the most highly-developed civilization of history had passed into a very tale of enchantment, almost

too splendid and fascinating to be true. For five hundred years succeeding the Roman conquest this civilization suffered decline in art, learning, statesmanship, manhood, and all that once made it the highest realization of culture in organized society. Then, like Rome its conqueror, weakened by its sensualisms, it fell before the relentless invaders.

Alas for the creations of a Phidias and a Praxiteles, where the ruthless barbarian has had his sway! Alas for the beautiful sculpture and architecture which had been the pride and triumph of a Periclesian civilization! What had those whirlwinds of passion and conquest in common with the placid beauty of Phidian art, the sublime strains of Attic eloquence and song, the serious, patient philosophies of the academies of Greece!

The names of Homer and Sophocles, Solon and Lycurgus, Plato and Aristotle, Phidias and Apelles, had lost their charm and inspiration. The achievements of the great, like their names, were forgotten, and their masterpieces lay in oblivion, like their noble ashes in neglected graves. The beautiful light of Grecian culture, like the splendor of Roman arms, had fallen into night and chaos.

As yet the North was not well out of a vigorous savagery; the light of art and letters had not penetrated the gloom of barbarism. The Saxons and Normans, Britons and Franks, with all their native prowess, were strangers to polite learning. By the ninth century they had come, in the development of institutionalism, to the feudalism in which they remained for the four succeeding centuries.

Turning again to the South and East, we look upon the Mohammedan conquests of the eighth century. Fanaticism followed barbarism, to bury in still deeper oblivion every trace of the culture and refinement that lingered about the ruins of classical antiquity.

But, saddest calamity of all, history must record the corruption of the Christian Church. Its ecclesiasticism became political, tyrannical, and oppressive, while its doctrines and forms of worship fell into superstition and paganism. Dante sang in sorrow, if not in bitterness:

"The Church of Rome,
Mixing two governments that ill assort,
Hath missed her footing, fall'n into the mire,
And there herself and burden much defiled."

Thus Europe passed under the cloud of what may justly be called the Dark Ages. Little or

no progress was made in literature, art, science, freedom, or religion. The dust and débris of Rome's decline and fall, with the subsequent havoc wrought by Mohammedanism, and the conflicts of civil and ecclesiastical authorities, were sufficient in themselves to effect a social, intellectual, and moral chaos of a thousand years.

Since the advent of Christianity and the fall of pagan nationalism, there had as yet arisen no new civilization worthy to be compared in brilliancy and grandeur with Rome or Greece, Egypt or Israel of old. History furnishes no other age that may be more philosophically denominated a transitional age. There was a complete and universal shifting of European society from old to new foundations. The pagan ideas of society, the sociologies of culture or of force, had been at work for thousands of years, and in their most brilliant and conspicuous triumphs had but demonstrated their fallacy and insufficiency in the problem of a universal civilization. It was during the disorder and confusion of the fall of the pagan social fabric that the Christian idea of civilization began to operate in laying the foundations of a new order of things. This new and divine idea had to contend with many hostile forces; to work in the darkness and débris; to

meet and overcome paganism, barbarism, fanaticism, and even a corrupt ecclesiasticism and degrading superstition, which were clothed, but only clothed, with the beautiful livery of heaven. Standing on the other side of this stupendous transition, the true philosopher of history might have been justified in predicting that the fall of the Roman Empire would be followed by many thousands of years of chaos. And it is not surprising to one who stands on this side of the Dark Ages that it took a thousand years for intellectual Europe to find her way to a new light and to the promised day.

Finally the sky began to clear. Dante appeared, the first great epic poet since Virgil. He became the father of Italian song, and made Italian literature classical. He did more. He antagonized the papacy, and protested against the ecclesiastical abuses and corruptions of Rome. He pleaded for righteousness and liberty. He attributed the broken and dismembered condition of Italy to the political ambitions and intrigues of bishops, cardinals, and popes. He laid the crimes of oppression, simony, tyranny, sensuality, and political murder at the very doors of the Church. He was banished from Florence through the influence of the papal power. But

he used his pen as warrior never used his sword against his persecutors. Perhaps one of the most reasonable interpretations of the "Divine Comedy" which has appeared is that which represents this great epic as a religio-political attack on Rome. This was the position of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, commentator on Dante, and Professor of Italian in King's College, London. If this interpretation be the true one, then Dante was the first distinguished Protestant, antedating Wyclif, "the morning star of the Reformation," by a lifetime, and preceding Luther by more than two hundred years.

Dante embodied both the intellectual and moral spirit of the dawning Renaissance, for we shall find that the epoch was characterized by mental and spiritual reaction from the policy of Rome.

Dante was followed by Petrarch and Boccaccio, who imbibed the literary taste and the antipapal politics of the exiled Tuscan. They added elegance to the Italian language, and used their classical wit in a subtle exposure of the corruptions of the priesthood, and the oppressive political ambitions and intrigues of the papacy.

Contemporaneous with these bright literary geniuses, shone forth the first rays of light in



GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

the firmament of art. Cimabue, the painter, Arnolfo, the sculptor and architect, and Giotto, who painted Dante's portrait, and was under the poet's theological if not political influence, came to be recognized as the heralds of the new art era. This was the opening of the fourteenth century. Dante died in 1321. Giotto passed away in 1336. There followed a hundred years of intellectual twilight, of

"Darkness changing into gray."

Then the morning dawned full and glorious upon Florence,

"And what a light broke forth
When it emerged from darkness!"

Before the first quarter of the fifteenth century had passed, Italy was awake to a new intellectual life. This new life turned inquiringly toward antiquity. A reaction had come. It was no longer pious to be ignorant, nor impious to be learned. Independent intellects were beginning to rise above the bigotry and superstition which priestcraft had encouraged. There were appearing among the leading thinkers an appreciation of the culture of the Greeks and Romans, and a desire to unlock the long-hidden treasures of classic lore. Search was instituted

for every relic of ancient learning. A perfect mania arose to secure old manuscripts, and of these great collections were formed. These manuscripts of priceless value were assiduously studied and translated for publication. On the fall of the Eastern Empire men of Greek learning poured into Italy, and Florence became the rendezvous of scholars from all parts of the world. The Greek and Latin languages were taught. The works of the old poets and philosophers were studied and discussed. The very ruins were read. The stones of Rome began to speak. Buried statues rose out of the earth. Men came forward, with money consecrated to the revival of culture, who were eager to purchase precious manuscripts, support lectures, found academies, build libraries, encourage authorship and art, and to promote the dawning civilization. Florence and Venice, Milan and Rome, seized the printing-press, and became the centers of publishing establishments whose works have not been excelled in typographical perfection and beauty by all the improvements of modern printing. The presses of Demetrius in Florence; Pannarts in Rome; Valdarfer, Jenson, and Aldus Minutius in Venice,—enriched the land with noble editions of the classics.

Italy became a country of books and libraries. The academies and studios were thronged with a new race of geniuses, while above priests and bishops rose wits, poets, artists, and philosophers. A new day had brightly dawned. The Dark Ages were of the past.

We have tried to indicate some of the remote and immediate causes of the Renaissance. These causes are recapitulated. (1) Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio created an Italian literature, and revived the world's literary taste. It is even claimed that they belonged to a secret society pledged to antipapal politics, and that secretly they instilled into the more progressive minds the spirit of intellectual freedom. (2) Cimabue, Giotto, and Arnolfo raised art out of oblivion, and gave it its modern impulse, though they were but the heralds of a race of superior geniuses. (3) Constantinople fell before the Turks in 1453, and the remote and secluded scholars of the Greek Church came over into Italy with their remnants of classical learning, embers still aglow snatched from the altars of antiquity, to kindle anew in modern times a taste and culture hardly less refined and noble than that which

“Made the old time splendid.”

Before this, however, the influence of Eastern scholarship had been felt in Italy. In 1439 a Council of Greek and Latin Churches met in Florence to discuss the subject of ecclesiastical union. The Greek Church was represented by men whose classical erudition was in marked contrast to the poor scholarship of the Latin Church. The scholars from Constantinople could speak and teach the language of the Greek poets and philosophers. Their presence and comparatively good learning awakened a new intellectual life in Florence. (4) There was a spontaneous, almost instantaneous advent into the Italian world of a race of geniuses—men who proved themselves great in learning, art, and literature. (5) That mighty civilizing engine, the printing-press, was busily at work.

These are a few of the many causes of the Renaissance. It may be more philosophical to call these the conditions rather than the causes of this great movement, if we are agreed to look upon this as a providential epoch.

To those who recognize God's providential dealings with men and nations, the meeting of the Ecclesiastical Council of 1439 can not be looked upon as a mere accident or coincident. The meeting of the Council was changed from

Ferrara to Florence. During the deliberations of this body Cosmo de' Medici was Gonfaloniere of Florence. He had brought tranquillity to the Republic, amassed a great fortune, and displayed the most public-spirited liberality in the aggrandizement of the city. This large-minded and progressive man was profoundly impressed with the learning of the Greek Churchmen. He attended the lectures given during the Council, and thereby was actuated to encourage the revival of Greek culture. He founded a Platonic Academy, invited to Florence the best Greek scholars and teachers then living, and even supported the students in their pursuit of ancient learning. This Council met just when the political tranquillity and financial prosperity of Florence favored study and the refined pursuits of literature and art. Had this Council met at any other city than Florence, or at any other time than during the ascendancy of the Medici, it is impossible for us to see how it could have resulted in the remarkable intellectual awakening which it produced in Florence in 1439.

It can not seem a mere chance that the printing-press came just when the taste for the classics revived, and when there was a universal demand for the reproduction of the literary works of

the ancients; and just when libraries were being founded, manuscripts were being discovered and translated, and academies were being endowed for the promotion of learning.

Faust, Gutenberg, and Aldus were as providential men as Dante, Wyclif, and Luther. The question may also be asked, How came it that all at once, out of the darkness of the fourteenth century, three great poets and three great artists shone like prophetic stars? There had been no apparent preparation for such men. They can hardly be looked upon as the natural product of the age. They seem to be born before their time. Their enlightenment belongs to later days. But it may just as reasonably be asked, How came it, later on in England, that within the narrow limits of sixty years such geniuses as Sidney, Spenser, Greene, Jonson, Marlowe, Bacon, Raleigh, Shakespeare, and Milton, shone out in their undying brilliancy? What is the philosophy of the sudden appearance of that galaxy of geniuses which shed light and glory upon Italy during the fifteenth century, and to whose intellectual greatness is due the enlightenment of the Renaissance? The only true philosophy of it all seems to be this, that there is a power of Providence at work in history, bringing the race,

epoch by epoch and sun by sun, up to a perfect humanism and up to the ideal civilization.

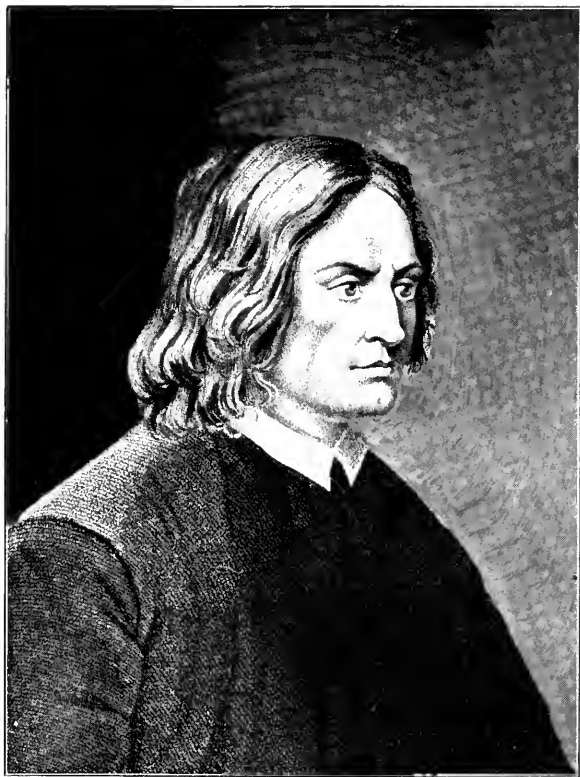
We may look upon this epoch as it reaches its midday brightness through the character and work of its three most powerful and distinguished men, Lorenzo de' Medici, Jerome Savonarola, and Michael Angelo Buouarotti. Lorenzo, popularly named Magnificent, was the most conspicuous and potent political genius of the age, Savonarola was the greatest moral and religious force, and Michael Angelo was the most original and authoritative art genius. We may study almost any phase of the Renaissance through these men. They did much to give the epoch its character and historical importance.

The intellectual condition of a people is largely determined by their political institutions and by the character of the ruling authorities. The Medici were despots, and yet they were benefactors. They were accused of robbing the people of their liberties, but those liberties did not consist of that noble and humane system of checks and privileges which is the groundwork of either a democratic or republican self-government. No word had sunken into worse abuse than "liberty." It was the shibboleth of every political faction that sought the highest

place of power. It meant mobocracy and anarchy, freedom from restraint, and individual independence of law and government. "Liberty" had kept Florence in a perpetual turmoil, with faction fighting faction, family plotting against family, numerous guilds and trades unions contending for the political supremacy, and civil authorities antagonizing ambitious ecclesiastical powers. If ever there was a demand for the "strong man," it was then. If despotic government ever had a mission in the world it was there, and if any despotism was ever justifiable and beneficial, it was the despotism of the Medici, which brought order out of confusion, and peace out of political and social turmoil.

One of the most interesting and influential families of history was the Medici. The most gifted and historically conspicuous members of this family were Cosmo, the founder of its financial prosperity and political influence, the richest man in Italy; Lorenzo the Magnificent, the patron of culture; Leo X and Clement VII, popes of Rome; and Catherine, "wife of one French king, and mother of three."

Modern culture, if not modern freedom, owes more to Lorenzo the Magnificent than to any other member of this illustrious family. He was



LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

the son of Piero, and grandson of Cosmo. On the death of his father Piero, he was invited to the political leadership of Florence in 1471, at the early age of twenty-three. The influence and greatness of the Medici came to a climax in his career. Symonds may seriously and justly write: "What the intellectual world would have been if the Italian nation had not devoted its energies to the restoration of liberal learning can not even be imagined." As justly may it be added, and how that restoration could have been effected without Lorenzo de' Medici can no more easily be imagined.

Of the undaunted political ambition of this elegant despot, there can be no doubt. The necessities of the times may have been its justification. That very despotism was doubtless the only form of government that could have secured peace.

In calling Lorenzo a despot, we are not thereby justified in attributing every act of his administration of affairs to selfish and ambitious motives. It can not be truthfully claimed that this man promoted culture and established peace in Florence and Italy simply from the sinister motives of self-aggrandizement and tyranny. He was richly endowed with a pure taste, a profound

love of art and literature, a genius for financiering and political leadership; and these were superior, in their inner control of him, to any despotic influences or mere ambitions for glory and power. Moreover, there was doubtless a true spirit of liberalism in his nature which rose up in antagonism to the bigotry of Romanism—Romanism in its religio-political character. While he did not possess the devout and religious feeling of Dante, he was a true disciple of the political Dante. He could see, with the grand old Tuscan bard, that Rome aimed at the intellectual and political enslavement of Italy. He was familiar with the intrigues and corruptions of Roman ecclesiasticism, and he despised the Church's pretense to holiness as he ridiculed the sanctionious debauchery, profligacy, and worldly ambitions of bishops, cardinals, and popes. He opposed the political encroachment of the papal power in its tyrannical design to subdue all the Italian States to Roman control. By a scheming, liberty-hating ecclesiasticism he was looked upon as an enemy of the Church when he was putting forth every effort to establish the political tranquillity of Italy, secure to every State its rights, restore decayed learning to its ancient glory, and lead the age up out of its superstitions and ig-

norance to intellectual freedom. Lorenzo may not have seen the Reformation which was logically to follow the Renaissance, nor could he have dreamed of the Protestantism which was to be the fruit of the revival of learning. He worked far better than he knew to bring a higher civilization into history than had ever charmed his imagination. He was the man for that great hour, and less a slave of personal ambition than unconsciously the servant of Providence. However completely his qualities may have concealed grave faults, and to however great an extent his wealth, liberality, and love of intellectual progress may have indirectly aided him in establishing his prosperity and securing his own political supremacy, it were wholly ungenerous and unphilosophical to brand his virtues of character and his great, beneficent achievements with the suspicion of ignoble impulses and selfish designs. There can be no doubt that we have too credulously looked upon Machiavel's exposition of the character of a prince as the very photograph of Lorenzo de' Medici. If the character and achievements of Lorenzo inspired Machiavel's political ethics, which seem detestable to the enlightened thought of the nineteenth century, nevertheless, the same defense which Macaulay makes for

Machiavel may be offered for Lorenzo. He was the fruit of a cruel and corrupt age. He belonged to an era that was just coming up out of moral, political, and intellectual chaos. The best morals of the time were pagan. Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero were better ethical teachers than the Church. The pure and simple teachings of Christ and the apostles had been covered up with the corruptions, false doctrines, and traditions of the Middle Ages, and only one sonorous voice was lifted, toward the close of Lorenzo's life, in proclaiming righteousness, liberty, and charity; that was the voice of Savonarola, the man whom Lorenzo hated and dreaded most, but the only priest to whom he was willing to confess as he lay dying in Careggi. We can not expect the men of that time to bear the moral scrutiny of this. We marvel that an age which tolerates a Sixtus IV, an Innocent VIII, an Alexander VI, and a Lucretia Borgia can produce a Savonarola, a Mirandola, a Michael Angelo, and a Vittoria Colonna. We do not wonder that even Machiavel and Lorenzo de' Medici are looked upon by just historians as good men for the age in which they were called to act their parts. This may be said of Lorenzo: that, among the despots then ruling Italy, he stood, in point of

talents, power, and virtue, the foremost of his time. And if we look abroad toward the rulers of France, Spain, and England, or if we turn our attention to the Roman pontiffs, hardly a character appears which does not suffer in a comparison with Lorenzo de' Medici. No sovereign sat upon a European throne, no pope assumed the triple crown, no despot established his power over an Italian State during his supremacy in Florence, who, either in genius or learning, in wealth or liberality, in friendliness to and support of the intellectual revival, was worthy to stoop and unloose the sandals of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

But in offering this tribute to his work and worth, we do not wish to conceal the glaring faults of this prince. We have no mantle, save that of charity, with which to cover his multitude of sins. If the faults of great men like Lorenzo, Napoleon, Cæsar, Diderot, Voltaire, Goethe, Bacon, Byron, and Shakespeare must be covered, let it not be with the flowers of rhetoric; let it not be by misrepresentation and falsehood; but rather by the pure, white mantle of charity; or let them not be hidden at all. The ambition which made Lorenzo a despot, his love of glory and display which prompted a most prodigal ex-

travagance, the worldliness and sensuality which inspired many an excess, must remain in the world's memory as grievous blemishes of an otherwise great character and vastly influential life. But when we have scrutinized Solomon in the midst of all his glory; Belshazzar, exulting in his Babylonian splendor; Alexander, in the full flush of his greatness and dominion; Pericles, in his Athenian pride and prosperity; the Cæsars, in their imperial supremacy; the Stuarts, the Tudors, and the Plantagenets, in all the pomp and magnificence of their reigns; and the Napoleons, the Bourbons, the Orleanses, and the Valois, in their most splendid power,—we are disposed to look upon the Medici of Florence with a kinder eye, and with less asperity to criticise the acknowledged faults and sins of Lorenzo.

There was not a man in Italy, or in all Europe, at that period, who, as a politician, a financier, a scholar, and a friend to intellectual progress combined, was worthy to be compared to the Magnificent. Through the genius, philanthropy, and political sagacity of this despot there came upon Italy a peace and prosperity which that country had not known for a thousand years. This happy state of external tranquillity, as we have stated, favored the most intense intellectual

activity that the world had experienced since the days of Augustus. In the midst of this political rest and financial ease the revival of art and learning made rapid progress, reminding the world of the days when the Greeks were charmed with the art of Phidias and Apelles, and of the age of Augustus, when the Romans took pride in the sublime song of Virgil and the learned periods of Livy. Florence was the center of this reviving culture, as it was of the financial and political life of Italy, while the patronage of Lorenzo made the palace of the Medici the center of Florence; hence, the center of the intellectual world.

Lorenzo was perhaps the most elegantly educated ruler of his day—the most highly accomplished in all that pertained to polite learning and æsthetic culture. His own poetic genius was of an order to warrant Sismondi in saying: “The first man to whom may be attributed the restoration of Italian poetry was one of the greatest of his own and of succeeding ages—Lorenzo de’ Medici, Chief of the Florentine Republic, and political arbiter of the whole State of Italy.”

But even more may be said to Lorenzo’s credit as a man of literary taste and genius than

that he was the restorer of Italian poetry, and one of the finest political geniuses of his age; for in his encouragement of every branch of learning, in his liberal patronage of all who gave promise of scholarship or literary taste and productiveness, in his hearty welcome to and friendliness for genius and ability in whomsoever it might appear, in his personal relations of munificence to schools and academies, he displayed that spirit which entitled him to wear without reproach the name of "Magnificent."

To his high credit be it said, Lorenzo invited the companionship of the most intellectual men of the age. It was not the rough soldier, the scheming politician, the sordid money-maker, nor the fawning courtier that won the society, the admiration, and the favor of this prince. He enjoyed the company of geniuses, the converse of the learned, the society and personal intimacy of poets, philosophers, wits, artists, statesmen, and teachers. With his name, therefore, must be associated the names of the high-minded of that age. Conspicuous among these were: Ficino, the foremost Platonic scholar; Politian, master of Greek and Latin lore, accomplished wit, philosopher, and poet; Landino, the interpreter of Dante and the regenerator of Dantean

Italian ; the youthful Machiavel, the most subtle-minded publicist ; Pico, the Prince of Mirandola, elegant in culture, refined in manners, public-spirited and liberal toward the intellectual movement of his time ; Pulci, the charming orator ; and Alberti, the universal scholar and many-sided genius. Happy the age enlightened by such intellects ! Great—essentially great—the man whose tastes attract the companionship, and whose liberality encourages the development, of geniuses like these !

Lorenzo had as pure a taste for art, and as noble an ambition to aid its progress and development, as he had for literature and the advancement of learning. Not only had he established and vastly enriched the most valuable library in Europe, where precious manuscripts of ancient literature were deposited, but Lorenzo's house was a depository of paintings, sculptures, coins, engraved stones, rare gems and antiquities, which were the envy of native princes and of foreign kings. It was admitted that the finest treasures in all the world were collected in the house of the Magnificent.

The traveler who to-day stands entranced among the art treasures of the Uffizi Gallery in Florence, and carries from that enchanted spot,

through many lands and many years, an indelible and delightful memory thereof, must feel indebted to the Medici, and in particular to Lorenzo, by whose taste, liberality, and noble ambition many of those glorious creations of genius and those immortal expressions of beauty were accumulated.

Lorenzo's ambition was not satisfied, however, with merely collecting art treasures for his eyes to feast upon to the satiety of his inborn love of beauty, but he also endeavored to give every encouragement and incentive to the awakening and development of an æsthetic taste and a genius for art, and to the production of great works in architecture, painting, and sculpture. At a vast expense he turned the Gardens of St. Mark into a school of the highest plastic art, where the ancient models were studied, and a taste for the antique was created and fostered into genius. True, since the first dawn of the Renaissance many noble and gifted artists had passed away, but a new generation of geniuses had appeared; and we find Lorenzo surrounded by a class of artists far superior to those who had come up under the patronage of his grandfather Cosmo. Florence was rich in masterpieces of sculpture and architecture before Lo-

renzo's time. Giotto, Brunelleschi, Angelico, Ghiberti, and Donatello had already embellished the beautiful city with those miracles of art which, even to this day, are the glory of Florence and the pride of Italy. The Campanile of Giotto, Brunelleschi's dome, Ghiberti's wonderful gates of bronze, and some of Donatello's works of sculpture, remain in many respects unique and peerless in beauty, though it can not be questioned that these great men were followed by a still higher order of geniuses under the inspiration of a more profound and universal art enthusiasm, and of a more liberal patronage and vigorous rivalry. The progress in painting was even more marked than in sculpture and architecture, and greater improvement was made on Cimabue, Giotto, and Masaccio, than perhaps could have been made on Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello. Lorenzo's age was adorned with the names and achievements of such artists as Lippi, Ghirlandaio, Mantegna, Perugino, Bramante, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michael Angelo. All these artists, with the exceptions of Bramante and da Vinci, felt the influence and enjoyed, to some degree at least, the patronage of Lorenzo. The four greatest artists of the Renaissance were born before

Lorenzo passed away. When the Magnificent died, in 1492, Titian and Raphael were but boys; Leonardo da Vinci was in his prime of manhood and power; and Michael Angelo was a youth of eighteen years, at work in the school of sculpture, and enjoying the affection and favor of the prince, who had taken him from his father to educate him in art. Lorenzo has been designated not only as the patron of Platonic philosophy, the promoter of learning and literature, the regenerator of Italian poetry, and the political arbiter of Italy for his time, but also, and as if it were a still more glorious distinction, he must be known as the man who "kindled and fanned the flame of genius in the breast of Michael Angelo."

Florence and the Medicean patronage were the center and original impulse of the glorious enthusiasm for high art which swept over all Italy. The Tuscan splendor was emulated. The Florentine love of beauty was imbibed by sister States. Leonardo da Vinci, though out of all sympathy with the Medici, was nevertheless a Florentine. He kindled a glorious flame of art enthusiasm in Lombardy.

Angelo wrought in Florence and in Rome. Venice, "a glorious city in the sea," became

brilliant with the achievements of those princely colorists, Titian, Veronese, and Tintoretto. Parma came to exult in the wonderful works of Correggio, who could look upon the masterpieces of Raphael, and still exclaim: "And I, too, am a painter." Thus all Italy was finally ablaze from the light kindled in Florence largely by the liberality and culture of the Medici, and more particularly by the uncommon genius of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Few characters in history present more marked contradictions, a more heterogeneous mingling of great qualities and great faults, than this Florentine despot. He was a sensualist and a philosopher, a despot and a benefactor, a politician and a poet, a debauchee and patron of art and learning, cruel and benevolent, worldly and scholarly, mean and magnificent. His gospel was simply a gospel of culture; his religion intellectuality. Lorenzo inspired no moral greatness in his people or age. We find here, as we may find in the study of Jerusalem and Solomon, of Babylon and Nebuchadnezzar, of Athens and Pericles, of Rome and Augustus, of France and Louis XIV, of England and Elizabeth, that a nation and a people may be highly cultured in art and scholarship, in poetry, philosophy, sci-

ence, and even theology, without being pure, heroic, and humane. Brilliant genius, profound erudition, and elegant manners may be wedded to a sensual, even cruel moral nature. One may cultivate the arts and sciences, drink deeply at the well of philosophy, adorn his mind with a knowledge of the wisdom, wit, and song of the classic ages, become intellectual, æsthetic, rich, and powerful, without attaining to that moral nobility and disinterestedness of motive, that love of right and man and God, which are essential to the highest style of character, and to the most enduring greatness. We find Lorenzo de' Medici deformed by the same immoralities which blemished the characters of Solomon, Alexander the Great, Pisistratus, Julius Cæsar, Louis XIV, and Napoleon, while, though superior in genius and learning, he was lacking in those high virtues and noble qualities of soul which belonged to Cromwell, Washington, Gustavus Adolphus, and William of Orange; and to those noble sons and benefactors of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Lorenzo de' Medici was not the moral reformer of the Renaissance.

The first problem to be solved in the foundation-work of the new civilization was an intellectual problem—the emancipation of reason, the



SAVONAROLA.

liberty of thought, the settlement of the prerogatives of culture, and the mission of literature, art, and science in modern history. Lorenzo de' Medici may not have seen the end toward which his powers toiled and achieved. Nevertheless, he put himself, his splendid genius and activities, into this work of intellectualism, on which the higher social fabric must necessarily rest. Lorenzo, even with his autocratic, despotic spirit, could not solve the problem of his age single-handed and alone. Others wrought heroically to establish this foundation—this first secure resting-point for the imposing superstructure of freedom.

In 1452, as the dawn of the new learning was spreading over Italy, there was born in Ferrara one who was destined to attract as much attention and create as profound a sensation as any man in his time. This man, Jerome Savonarola, was a monk at the age of twenty-three. Though up to this period nothing of great moment had occurred in this young life, nevertheless one skilled in the interpretation of the human face might have suggested that something important was likely to happen at any instant in the soul which kindled those eyes into flames and knotted that brow into meditations. That is a face

to attract attention. Every feature indicates strength. The prominent, hooked nose; the large and rugged brow; the burning, heavily-lashed eyes; the large, strong mouth; the delicate, finely-wrought nervous system; a face "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," are significant of character which, sooner or later, may be expected to make itself felt in power and authority among men. But those who knew him well had come to have their thoughts about this boy Jerome before he had startled the world by his power. Savonarola was a natural mystic, possessed of an essentially devout, unworldly nature. He communed with his own heart and thought much while yet a boy. He easily grew sick of the vain pomp and glory of the world. His great blue eyes had often wept over the world's misery and sin, when the eyes of priests and bishops, and of cardinals and popes, were dry as stones. Alone, in meditative and prayerful mood, he often strolled through olive-groves and the blooming fields, and by the streams whose solemn monotone made harmony with the beating of his serious, sorrowing heart. While yet a lad his mind displayed great vigor and subtlety. He grasped truth in all its forms with eagerness, so that he became the wonder and

admiration of his instructors. He mastered the subtleties of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas, and exhausted the whole range of the scholasticism of his time. The Bible, however, was to him the supreme Book. This he hid in his heart, like one of old. He was given also to poetical fancies, and with no mean success courted the sacred muse. His parents came to regard him as their most promising son, and, with worthy pride and ambition, destined him to the profession of medicine, the foremost profession of the day. He was destined, however, by a higher Power, to become a physician, not to the bodies of men, but to the corrupt morals and manners, to the sick nation and age that surrounded him.

At the age of twenty there came a new light into those great eyes, which ever burned under the knotted brow like watch-fires under the towering mountain. That new light was the light of love, kindled there by the grace and beauty of an exiled Florentine, who boasted the noble blood and name of Strozzi. But that light was soon quenched, and quenched forever, by the haughty refusal of the Strozzi to recognize the equal nobility of Savonarola. The last cord which bound this strong soul to the world had

thus been broken. All this may have contributed to his after strength and greatness. There are men in history whom Providence seems to have foreordained to a high and holy celibacy necessitated by their mission in the world; and there seems to be no violation of the law of the fitness of things when such men as Elijah, John the Baptist, Paul, Michael Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Savonarola live alone, and, single-handed, single-hearted, do their mighty work for God and man. There was a destiny before Savonarola quite irreconcilable with his tender affection for the lovely Florentine. And yet his cheek flushed with proud passion, his eyes fired with the lightning of anger, and his eloquent lips said stinging, hurting words in retaliation for the scorn of the proud girl—and the charm was broken. He became more thoughtful than ever, more secluded, more penitent and prayerful. The world lost for him its every enchantment, and the life of the recluse assumed an irresistible fascination. The convent seemed to the devout mind of Savonarola a refuge from the storm and a haven from the tempest. The cowl and garb of the monk became vestments more beautiful and honorable than the crown and robe of royalty, while the inmates of con-

vents and the dignitaries of the Church were more like angels than men to his over-sanguine imagination. Alas that all these things should prove disappointing delusions to his devout and most sincere heart! He found the convent a moral pest-house; monks and nuns were lepers of sensuality; priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes were princes of profligacy; the cowl and miter, red cap and tiara, were the adornments of ignorance, superstition, hypocrisy, and arch villainy. He who had sought the companionship of monks and priests for sympathy and spiritual affinity found them whited sepulchers. He who had turned to the convent to study the Bible found that pagan Aristotle and his half-understood philosophy had superseded Jesus and his heavenly Word. He who had turned to the Church for light, peace, and rest, found darkness, discord, envy, rivalry, greed, and profligacy. Where Savonarola expected to find spirituality, he found bestiality; where he sought for peace, he discovered contention; where he turned for purity and chastity, he beheld corruption; where he looked for the reign of love, he gazed through his tears upon the reign of lust and cruelty. He asked for a fish, but they gave him a serpent; he asked for bread, but they gave him a

stone—yes, a scorpion. So would it have been, so was it, to every devout soul that turned for light and truth and spiritual good to the Church of Rome in the fifteenth century.

Savonarola, therefore, forever sincere, devout, and conscientious, found rising within him, not only disappointment and grief, but holy indignation and a strong, unquenchable spirit of protestation, which were but the first mutterings of that fiery volcano of rebuke and warning, threatening and exhortation, which was to burst upon the Church and nation, and entitle him forever to be known as the preacher, reformer, and martyr of the Italian Renaissance.

The appointment of Savonarola to the chair of Belles-Lettres and Metaphysics in the convent of Bologna was a recognition of his superior intellectuality and scholarship; yet it in no degree harmonized with his tastes and feelings to be assigned the duty of instilling into the minds of young priests the philosophy of Aristotle. It was there, however, that a career opened before him of which he had never dreamed, and which, had he anticipated it, might have dissuaded him from entering the monastery. Perhaps no thought was more foreign to his mind the morning he turned his back upon his home in Ferrara than

that he should become a preacher, much less a reformer; and, least of all, a martyr. He turned to the convent for rest, seclusion, study, meditation, separation from the turmoil of the world. Yet the entrance of Savonarola to a monastic life meant, in the divine order of things, that he should become a preacher. For such a magnificent combination of intellect, mysticism, learning, conviction, courage, devotion, zeal, and eloquence to turn preacher, meant to become reformer; and to become reformer in Italy, in the fifteenth century, meant martyrdom.

Savonarola discovered the logic of his destiny as soon as the first premise was laid down in the order of Divine Providence, and as soon as he had fully assumed the vows of a monk. He knew what he must be, and what he must do and suffer, if he became a preacher. He could tell the end from the beginning, because he knew himself, and he knew the age in which he must act. There was nothing supernatural in his predicting his own martyrdom after he had once consented to unseal his lips, and let the concentrated wrath that was in him leap forth in consuming flames. When we hear him praying for martyrdom, and soliciting it, we have no suspicion of bravado, hypocrisy, or charlatanism on

his part, but we feel that this is his way of spurring himself up to that sublime self-surrender, that loyalty to conscience and truth, which, in so sinful an age, must reap the fiery harvest of martyrdom if they prove the soul genuine and heroic enough to please God and merit eternal life.

Savonarola continued to teach and lecture in the convent at Bologna for seven years. During this period he proved to his own satisfaction the sophistry of Aristotle and the vitiating tendencies of all pagan philosophy and culture. Here also, and at the same time, he laid the foundation for his future extraordinary power as a preacher by a deep study and learned mastery of the Bible.

At the age of thirty he stepped into a broader arena of activity and influence than that of rhetoric and metaphysics. He appeared in Florence, which was destined to be the scene of the remarkable events in his remarkable career.

Florence had come to occupy the foremost rank among the splendid cities of Italy and of the world. In financial prosperity and commercial importance no city could compete with the fair city of Tuscany. She had become the political ruler of all Italy, so that even Venice,

Pisa, Milan, and Rome, though jealous of her power, acknowledged her supremacy in the political affairs of Italy. But in a more conspicuous and unapproachable degree Florence was the center of the glorious revival of art and learning, which not only lighted up Italy, but spread its brightness over Europe, and was destined to fill the whole earth with its glory.

When Savonarola, at the age of thirty, first came to Florence, the Medici were in the meridian splendor of their greatness. Lorenzo the Magnificent was supreme, and the beautiful city was then, as it is still, exulting in the glory which had been born of the magnificence of this elegant despot.

From every land—from Spain and England, Germany and France—inquiring minds came to drink at the fountain of learning which sprang up in the very palace of the Medici, and to lave in the crystal streams of poetry, philosophy, and classical learning which flowed therefrom in unrestrained freedom. Florence, in the fifteenth century, was the Mecca of culture—a great, beautiful, and fascinating city, rivaled in the wonders of its history by no capital of earth save Rome. Hither comes the conviction-driven Savonarola to preach to a people who need it

greatly the old gospel of holiness and charity. With all its wealth, art, and learning, Florence has more sins to repent of, more wicked ways to mend, more souls that need conversion, than any city in Italy or out of it. This wealth, art, and learning prove to be no surer an antidote for moral corruption in Florence than they did in imperial Rome, æsthetic Athens, voluptuous Corinth, and splendid Babylon of old.

As our hooded Dominican friar, with his great brow, his great mouth, his great eyes, and his great soul, full of great convictions, comes for the first time into the midst of the glories of this beautiful but wicked Florence, wonder, awe, and hesitation, not unmingled with admiration, hope, and prayer, take possession of his mind. Before him rise, in all their solid grandeur, the palaces of the Pitti and of the Medici, displaying not only great wealth in their construction, but also the finest architecture of modern Italy. The Palazzo Vecchio, simple, stern, and fortress-like, with its tower and famous bell, stands there guarding the square that is yet to be lighted up with a strange and tragic flame of martyrdom. There, too, is the Loggia to attract the eye, but, as yet, quite unadorned by Cellini's masterpiece and those fine forms of Greek and Roman art

which, in our day, make Florence and her beautiful Loggia the shrine of many a pilgrimage of culture. Now the young monk stands in amazement and delight before the bronze gates of Ghiberti, which decorate the marble baptistery. As his eye reads thereon, wrought into such beauty as bronze had never assumed before, the sacred events of Bible history, doubtless he thinks what Angelo afterward exclaimed: "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." He turns, and lo! rising in airy grace, the Campanile of Giotto throws such a spell of beauty o'er his vision that he doubts if human genius ever created that marble miracle, and wonders whether angelic architects did not build the glorious tower, and whether fairies in their beauty do not dwell therein. But now, most wondrous triumph of the early Tuscan genius, eternal pride of Florence, and boast of classic Italy, the dome of Brunelleschi bursts upon the young monk's bewildered view, and he stands entranced before that architectural magnificence, which he little thinks is yet to echo and thunder with his own mighty declamation. Finally Savonarola turns his steps, we may imagine, toward the solemn cloisters of St. Mark. As the hooded stranger enters this, his new home, a spell of sacred enchantment

seems to bind him.) Here it is that holy Antonino, like an angel, passed his life of virtue and benevolence, and the sweet fragrance of his memory lingers in the convent still. These walls and cloisters seem consecrated, and the feelings of this stranger monk are wrought into a fine feeling of devotion as he hears the story told again of how the "good Bishop of Florence" lived and worked for the glory of Christ and the happiness of man. Again, as he looks on those walls and ceilings of St. Mark, in cell and cloister, inspired visions of beauty seem to rise before him; for, with tearful eyes and swelling heart, and lips unsealed with holy wonder, he gazes, and grows not weary as he gazes, on the exquisite creations of the pencil of Angelico; for here the artist-monk, the "angelic painter," wrought those forms of sacred beauty which are still, in their fading glory, the admiration of the world; here the devout artist had often knelt in prayer, to ask that He who had decked the flowers in their unrivaled beauty and garnished the heavens with their eternal splendors might inspire his humble pencil to paint for the glory of Christ; and those angelic faces, those forms of the Madonna and the Savior, were painted there upon the convent walls while tears rolled

down the cheeks of the devout, almost inspired painter. With the spirits of the good Antonino and the devout Angelico, Savonarola seemed to commune that day when first he entered the cloister of St. Mark; and, as he threw himself upon his humble cot that night, he doubtless thought:

“Of all the fairest cities of the earth,
None is so fair as Florence.”

But alas! Florence was fair only in externalities; her beauty was in marble, not in morals. With the revival of commerce, the increase of riches, the dawning of a new intellectual life, there had come a reign of extravagance, of æsthetic worldliness, and of pagan sensuality. The Bible was neglected by the intellectual class for Plato, Homer, Cicero, and Virgil, while the people in common turned with a sensual avidity to the love-songs of Petrarch and the amorous tales of Boccaccio. The churches were empty, the academies and places of festivity were crowded, the Sabbath was a day of gayety instead of worship, and the life of the people was poisoned with the pagan ideas of the revived classics, while society was intoxicated with the love of pleasure.

Tormented with the thoughts of the people's

wickedness, the monk would throw all his energies into the work of reforming society. It was a task worthy of a great intellect and a mighty soul, not to be accomplished by an ignoramus or a fanatic. Florence was given up to culture. The streets, the banks, the studios, the academies, and the Senate were full of the finest geniuses in the world, the best philosophers, poets, wits, scholars, financiers, and statesmen. A preacher, too, the city had, of great abilities, a master of rhetoric and melodious speech, a favorite of Lorenzo, the idol of the schoolmen. The learned and noble gathered about him, and never wearied of the charm of his rolling periods and the rich cadences of his musical voice, for Gennazzanno was the prince of the Florentine pulpit.

The first efforts of the reformer in this brilliant capital were a failure. There was neither grace nor beauty in him. His manner, like his presence, was plain, homely, and angular. He spoke with hesitation, and was afflicted with some infirmity of utterance. His diction was innocent of art and elegance, while quotations from classic poets and pagan philosophers found no place in his sermons. He preached to empty benches; for the multitude were elsewhere hang-

ing on the lips of Gennazzanno. However distasteful the unvarnished truth may become to a wicked but polite age, yet the superficial gloss and glitter of rhetoric, the sounding brass and clanging cymbal of mere eloquence, seldom lose their witchery, and rarely fail to charm the thoughtless crowd.

Savonarola left Florence in disappointment, acknowledging with deep chagrin his utter failure as a reformer, although his sorrow grew not out of his own personal unpopularity so much as out of the unpopularity of the great truths he came to preach. He grieved in disappointment, not because few came to hear Savonarola, and many went to hear Gennazzanno, but because few came to hear the teaching of David and Isaiah, of John and of Christ, while many went to have their ears tickled with the poetical and philosophical felicities of Homer, Virgil, Tully, and Plato. Undoubtedly the Renaissance was becoming more pagan than Christian in spirit. The very Church was as thoroughly paganized as culture.

The new preacher returned to Bologna with the conviction half formed that preaching was not his mission. With his uncouth presence, harsh voice, angular, ungraceful manners, and

impediment of speech, he might easily have persuaded himself that he had not the qualifications of a preacher, and that in undertaking such a work his zeal had gotten the better of his judgment. But no; with as many natural deficiencies as originally embarrassed Demosthenes, so with as great a determination as the Grecian orator displayed, he conquered his infirmities.) Richard Brinsley Sheridan broke down and failed in his first speech before the British Parliament, but with commendable self-appreciation and ambition he exclaimed: "It is in me, and it shall come out." It was in Savonarola; he knew it, and he was resolved it should come out. By a year's time the stammering monk was preaching with a fluency, charm, and force that were prophetic of the coming eloquence which was to shake Italy, and rival in its influence upon the multitude the most charming and impetuous oratory that ever leaped from the lips of Tully or Demosthenes. The awkward, homely, unpolished, harsh-voiced Savonarola was to be the preacher of the Renaissance, while the popularity of the graceful, scholastic, honey-tongued Gennazzano was to be destroyed forever by the thunders, lightnings, and storm of the young Dominican's pulpit power.

From the chief cities of Lombardy, where he preached after retiring from San Lorenzo in Florence, the fame of Savonarola began to spread throughout Italy. By the year 1487, at the age of thirty-five, every obstruction had been swept away, the floodgates lifted, and the rolling torrents of the reformer's impetuous and resistless eloquence had broken forth. Already the lecturer had become a preacher, and the preacher a reformer. This new and mighty preacher of righteousness had not, during his absence from Florence, been adding superficial elegance to his manners and methods, nor had he become popular by imitating the studied graces and pedantic ornaments of the polished Gennazzano. He had never departed from his motto: "Elegance in language must give way before simplicity in preaching and sound doctrine." He did not preach merely to delight the ears of rhetoricians, kindle the admiration of philosophers, poets, and scholars, nor to win the friendship and patronage of the rich and powerful. He spoke "right on" in the most vigorous, unrelenting, sin-pounding eloquence against the corruptions of the Church, the disorders of society, the worldliness and sensuality of the people, and the general ungodliness of the times. The people

flocked to hear this new and startling sort of preaching, and they soon came to regard Savonarola as an inspired prophet. As they listened they became troubled. Conscience awoke. The long-smoldering embers of devout convictions leaped into flames of new religious zeal, if not fanaticism. A new Elijah, a modern Jeremiah, an Italian Isaiah, a fifteenth-century John the Baptist, had come to condemn sin and exhort to repentance, and to preach faith, forgiveness, chastity, love, and brotherhood.

The people were pricked in their hearts; they sighed and wept; they cried aloud in the alarm of deep conviction; they confessed, humiliated themselves, turned to prayer and worship; and, in the enthusiasm of a new conversion, they extolled the power, and even asserted the inspiration, of the wonderful preacher. Learned men sat spellbound under the Frate's fiery eloquence, as at a later time Franklin, Hume, Garrick, and Bolingbroke became enthusiastic admirers of the oratorical genius of Whitefield. Piero, the learned and elegant prince of Mirandola, became a zealous convert; and, as the fame of Savonarola was spreading over Italy, he persuaded Lorenzo de' Medici to call the preacher back to Florence. In 1489, just seven years

after he had left that city in humiliation and disappointment, Savonarola once more stood up in Florence to preach. St. Mark was thronged with eager, expectant listeners, who trembled and sobbed, and swayed to and fro like a tempest-beaten forest. On that memorable day, we are told, the prophet's eloquence was terrific. All Florence was in excitement. Gennazzano was deserted and forgotten. The academies turned from Homer, Plato, and Tully to discuss the merits of Savonarola. The learned doctors delivered their lectures to empty benches. Politicians wore a look of anxiety. Monks, nuns, and priests scowled in alarm and rage. The people took to much wise nodding, busy talking, and discussion among themselves in shop and home and public square. There was but one theme—"Savonarola."

The popular career of the reformer in Florence had begun. He had gained a hearing. The problem of an audience had been solved. Empty benches no longer greeted him, but a perfect sea of anxious, upturned faces met his gaze wherever he stood up to preach. His audiences grew too large for St. Mark, too large for the Church of the Annunciata, and too large for the great cathedral; for all Florence poured

out to hear him, while the thunder of his eloquence not only made the dome of Brunelleschi reverberate, but made Florence and all her palaces quake, and was yet to startle all Italy, if not all Europe. Lorenzo the Magnificent grew restive; politicians became alarmed; priests and bishops looked anxious; monks and nuns trembled; and the pope raved in anger as the reformer dealt his terrific blows at the ecclesiastical abuses of his time, as this friend and champion of the people assailed the Medicean despotism, and with clarion voice advocated liberty for the people and republicanism for the State. Against the unbelief, extravagance, darkness, and sensuality which followed upon the heels of Florentine prosperity; against the superstitious and tyrannical practices of the very dignitaries of the Church, but one voice in all Italy was raised. One voice, strong and resonant, sounded the alarm, and uttered the hot word of condemnation and warning. It was heard from the confessional to the Vatican, from the factory to the palace, crying: "Woe! woe! woe! Repent, my people! repent!" This fearless preacher could be tolerated in Florence but three years. He became troublesome to the ruling powers, both in Church and in State. It was soon evident

that there was not room enough in Florence for a Savonarola and a Medici. Though Lorenzo was instrumental in bringing the monk to Florence, and in securing for him the priorship of St. Mark, yet the wily despot could not make a political tool out of this independent reformer. Savonarola was the friend and champion of the people; an uncompromising enemy of tyranny and despotism; a zealous, clarion-voiced advocate of liberty and republicanism. He had no sympathy whatever with the Medici, who, as he thought, had robbed the Florentines of their ancient liberties, and riveted upon them the golden shackles of a splendid but most absolute despotism. The reformer, therefore, asked no favors of Lorenzo, who was very anxious to heap favors upon him. The proud despot paid respectful attention to the humble friar's teaching; was frequently at mass; contributed most liberally to the support of the convent, and even put himself in the friar's way to be solicited for advice and benefits. Nevertheless, the preacher preserved a haughty and aggravating independence. He believed that much of the very corruptions of society, many of the vices that then poisoned the life-blood of Florentine manners, had been introduced by Lorenzo. As the Frate

continued to hurl his thunderbolts of denunciation against the social, political, and ecclesiastical evils of the times, Lorenzo began to think of curbing the preacher's fury and quenching that dangerous enthusiasm which was beginning to make despotic politicians and corrupt ecclesiastics most uncomfortably restive. It had galled the Magnificent that Savonarola did not call upon him and pay him homage on his entrance to the priorship of St. Mark, as his predecessors had done; and the Medici had not forgotten the answer which Savonarola gave to one who suggested that such homage was his duty. "Do I owe this appointment to God, or to Lorenzo de' Medici?" asked the indignant prior. "To God, undoubtedly," was the reply. "Suffer me, then," he rejoined, "to pay homage to God, and not to man." But when Lorenzo sent five of the leading citizens of Florence to remonstrate with the friar, and to admonish him to cease his denunciations of the Roman Court and of the ruling powers in Church and State, the indignant and fearless prophet answered them: "Tell him to repent of his sins; for the Lord spares no one, and has no fear of the princes of the earth." And, when threatened with exile, he made the significant reply: "I have no fear of your ban-

ishment, for this city is no more than a grain of lentils on the earth; but although I am a stranger, and Lorenzo is not only a citizen, but the first among them, it is I who will remain, and he who shall leave the city." The preacher was right. In less than a year Lorenzo the Magnificent lay dying at Careggi. In that supreme moment, when the wisdom, wit, and philosophy of such lifelong companions as Ficino, Politian, Mirandola, and Pulci failed to divert his mind or give him peace of soul, with an honesty which will ever reflect credit upon his character, the dying despot cried: "Send to St. Mark and call Savonarola; I know no honest friar but him."

Savonarola hastened to the bedside of his dying enemy, to offer the consolations of religion and to shrive the despot for eternity. Lorenzo was leaving Florence; Savonarola was still to remain. Call it a shrewd guess; call it a coincidence, if you will; that age called it the fulfillment of Savonarola's prophecy. Lorenzo, in much distress of mind, was about to make his last confession, when the stern friar of St. Mark demanded of him three things, viz.: that he have faith in Christ; that he make restitution of all moneys and properties which he had obtained

from others unjustly, and that he restore liberty to the Florentines. The first two requirements Lorenzo assented to; but when the last request fell from the lips of the unyielding priest, the expiring despot, rallying his failing energies, suddenly turned his face to the wall with silent grief and speechless indignation. Without leaving his priestly benediction, Savonarola turned and strode from the room, and, drawing his cowl over his burning eyes, sought his humble cell in the solemn cloisters of St. Mark. Undoubtedly the most reliable authorities accept this (the Mirandola) version of the dramatic death-scene. These two great men could not understand each other. Neither could appreciate the other's power, worth, and mission.

We do not pretend to give any explanation of the predictions or prophecies of Savonarola. That he predicted the early death of Lorenzo and of Pope Innocent VIII, and of the King of Naples, is true, and that his prediction was verified is also true. That he warned the people of approaching evils—such as famine, pestilence, war, and subjugation by a foreign foe—is admitted; and that these evils were visited upon Italy, and especially upon Florence, can not be denied. That these evils came to scourge the people for

their sins is a theory which presents impossibilities and absurdities only to rationalistic unbelief. But that Savonarola was divinely inspired to prophesy these events is a proposition full of difficulties for any and every school of faith except the very one that condemned Savonarola, and hung him in the flames. In the sermons of the so-called prophet, startling predictions of coming calamities followed one upon another. And as they were getting themselves verified in passing events, the power of the new prophet increased. He preached against gambling and usury, against extravagant fashions and all forms of excess, against business dishonesty and political intrigue, so that gamblers ceased to ply their trade, usurers conscience-smitten began to make restitution of ill-gotten wealth, the women laid aside their jewelry and gaudy dress and assumed modest attire, and shops were closed on Sunday and during preaching. The people delighted in listening to the once uncouth and stammering Savonarola as he now stood up in the pulpit of Florence, and poured forth such majestic eloquence as has found no parallel in modern oratory. Not the enthusiasm of a St. Bernard, not the vigor and dauntless fury of a Knox, not the magnetic eloquence of

the learned and impetuous Chalmers, not Massillon's pomp and grace, not the rolling periods of the princely Bossuet, not Whitefield's thrilling pathos, nor the startling thunders of Edwards's declamation, ever rose to that majestic power and almost superhuman grandeur which characterized the impetuous eloquence of Saverio. His great eyes flashed as with the fire of the lightnings; his homely features became radiant as an angel's; his gestures, full of animation, gave weighty emphasis to the words which he uttered, and startling vividness to the picture of his glowing imagination; his voice shook the temple with its sonorous power, and thrilled the listening multitude with the alarm of terrible convictions. Enthusiastic listeners beheld angels hovering over him while he preached. People sobbed, and wailed, and cried aloud with consternation and heart-breaking repentance, as he uncovered their sins, uttered his predictions, explained the Word of God, and exhorted them, with tears rolling down his cheeks, to repent and believe, to turn from their evil ways to ways of virtue, love, and peace.

The notion must not be entertained that Saverio was a mere ignorant and unthinking enthusiast. Perhaps his superior in intellectual

force could not have been found among his ecclesiastical contemporaries. Not in the Platonic Academy, not in learned Florence, not in all reviving Italy, could there have been found a more original, acute, and philosophical mind. No scholar could boast of more learning. The subtilities and beauties of Aristotle and Plato were not more familiar to Ficino and Politian than to Savonarola. He was a natural-born orator as truly as was Demosthenes, notwithstanding his original infirmities. It may be doubted, moreover, whether Italy or the whole world then possessed a profounder theologian, a more zealous student, or a more masterly expounder of the Word of God. Every verse of Holy Writ was on his tongue, and it is said that he committed the Bible to memory. An essentially great and mighty man was this Savonarola. In many respects we must rank him above Loyola, Huss, or Knox. He possessed the spirit of an Elijah or a Jeremiah.

The power of the Medici began to decline with the death of the Magnificent, and that illustrious family of despots came to recognize Savonarola as the most potent and irresistible agent in the subversion of their influence and authority. It was a sad and humiliating transition, to

the minds of the proud Florentines, from the Magnificent Lorenzo to his son, the pusillanimous Piero. And the people deplored the rise of this profligate prince the more because they were compelled to see their prophet and the fearless champion of their liberties leave Florence at the command of this ignominious despot.

Innocent VIII died the same year with Lorenzo, and he was succeeded by the most detestable, profligate, inhuman wretch that ever wore the oft-polluted triple-crown—Alexander VI, a name which it is almost obscenity to mention; as black a name as stains the annals of history. This is the third pope with whom Savonarola has had to deal. And three more bestial, villainous, abhorrent creatures could not be found aside from Nero, Caligula, and Tiberius, of Imperial Rome. What Roscoe said of Alexander VI might justly be observed of every pope in Savonarola's time: he was "the scourge of Christendom and the opprobrium of the human race."

With great power and fearlessness Savonarola preached against spiritual wickedness in high places, against the worship of the Virgin Mary, the efficacy of charms and relics, and the substitution of Aristotle, Plato, and Tully,

for the pure and simple gospel of the Son of God. The preacher, however, was not always pouring forth words of wrath and condemnation. Often his stern soul relaxed into pathos, and again soared aloft on the eagle wings of ecstasy. The voice of thunder would become as soft as a lute-note or the mellow tone of a golden bell, while the severe face would at times grow radiant with the majesty and glory of his exalted imagination; then would he hold multitudes entranced with strains of almost celestial eloquence.

No sermon of Savonarola created more excitement and consternation among all classes than that which he preached in the cathedral of Florence, January 13, 1494, on "The Reform of the Church." In it he said: "When Pope Innocent VIII died, I was laughed at for saying that the Church must be reformed. At that time I beheld a vision—a black cross suspended over Babylonian Rome. On that cross was inscribed, 'The wrath of the Lord.' Swords, daggers, lances, arms of all sorts, gleamed around it, mingled with hail, with devouring lightning, and thunderbolts, all enveloped in the lurid obscurity of a dark and horrible tempest. I saw also another cross; it was of gold, and reached from earth to heaven. It hovered about Jerusa-

lem, and on it was inscribed, 'The mercy of God.' A serene, limpid, and pure atmosphere surrounded it. Hence I gather that a reform of the Church is at hand. O Florence, this supernatural light has not been vouchsafed me for any merit of my own, but for your sake; so that, when the scourge descends, it may not be in your power to plead ignorance! O Italy! O Prince of Italy! and you, prelates of the Church, the wrath of God impends over you, and repentance is the sole remedy! Repent, then, while the sword still remains undrawn; repent before it leaps from its scabbard and becomes dyed in blood." The impression of this sermon had not been effaced before the news came that the French were pouring over the Alps, and that Charles VIII was sweeping down upon Florence and Italy for the purpose of conquest. The sword had leaped from its scabbard; the daggers were falling; alarm and consternation had seized the people. All Florence surged toward the cathedral. With paled lips they spoke but the one name—"Savonarola." Standing up in his pulpit before the agitated mass, the prophet cried: "And behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth!" His voice reverberated through the temple, and smote the ears of Florence with

terror. The reporters could not take down the mighty words of the preacher, so overcome were they by his tempestuous declamation. People affirmed—and among them were such scholars and philosophers as Pico and Politian—that cold chills struck them; the very hairs of their head stood on end; they wept and trembled as, like a mountain torrent bursting every barrier, the eloquence of the preacher swept everything before him. In the estimation of the people, Savonarola never before seemed so great. He had predicted the evils that came upon them; he knew their cause; he could name the remedy. He was their father, their prophet, their deliverer. The weak and cowardly Piero having forsaken the people in their hour of danger, all eyes were now fixed upon Savonarola. The wise men of the Senate saw that he was the leader for the emergency. Suddenly the Frate found himself the chosen head of the Republic. The destiny of Florence was in his keeping. Charles VIII treated with the Florentines and passed on, overawed by the prophet, who gave the conqueror advice which he was wise or superstitious enough to heed. The reformer was looked to for the formation of a new government. Here was the beginning of his greatest troubles, and

certainly of his greatest mistakes. Here, if anywhere, he was carried by his enthusiasm, and by a strange combination of circumstances, to overstep the boundaries of his highest and noblest mission; and here began the series of acts by which his final execution has by some been justified.¹ That Savonarola possessed the genius of a great statesmanship, may not be questioned; and that he suggested many useful and successful laws and institutions, is true. That his political eminence belongs to his just fame; that he took a conspicuous part in settling political measures that are worthy to be ranked among the greatest reforms ever achieved by a statesman; and that, in the language of Villari, "he is justly entitled to be reckoned among the great founders of the Republic," no one that has studied his political career will dispute. But at the same time there can be no doubt that, as a whole, his scheme of government was Utopian—better fitted for the millennium than for the fifteenth century. Savonarola's government was neither a pure democracy nor a republic. It was a theocracy, or rather a Christocracy; for from the pulpit the Frate cried: "Florence, Jesus Christ, who is King of the universe, hath willed to become thy King in particular. Wilt thou

have him for thy King?" And the people, in a frenzy of excitement, answered with a mighty shout of assent. This has the appearance of out-and-out fanaticism. We have no disposition to give it a milder name. After this it is easily seen how the preacher was the political ruler of Florence. He was the prophet of God to a people easily carried away by any fanatical notions of liberty or religion. He was in an anomalous position. His office was no more than a vicegerency. But in this position and self-assumed office Savonarola held the reins of power, at least for a short time, with a firm grip. His preaching had transformed the social manners and religious life of Florence. The churches were filled with large and devout congregations; the people turned to their long-neglected Bibles; alms-giving became universal. It was no uncommon occurrence, in those strange, abnormal days, for men to restore ill-gotten gains; for women to throw their jewels into the contribution for the poor; and for some of the noblest, most promising young men to turn their backs upon the world and enter the monastic life, which Savonarola had invested with a peculiar charm and fascination. Modern history can not duplicate, in phenomenal character, the short

epoch of Savonarola's political supremacy in Florence. Short-sighted men, carried away with enthusiasm, taking a superficial and narrow view of affairs, vainly imagined that the ideal government had been established, and that the millennium was near at hand. But those capricious and combustible Florentines were not the elements out of which the millennial society or the ideal government could be constituted. Divisions soon occurred. The city was divided into numerous factions. Savonarola finally found his measures questioned, his wisdom challenged, his authority denied, and himself denounced. There were not wanting men who regarded him as a hypocrite and a demagogue. He was accused of using his ecclesiastical position and his religious influence to grasp political power and to satisfy a daring and unbridled ambition.

That liberty and equality had been secured to the Florentines, and that the Government was never more scientifically democratic is true, but there were noble and aristocratic families in that old Florence who did not believe in liberty for the other man. They did not relish democracy nor Christianity. They organized themselves into a political party to overthrow Savonarola. There was also an opposite party formed, not

unlike the Communists of to-day; its adherents looked upon Savonarola's democracy as too conservative and temperate. Thus the preacher-politician found himself between two fires. But turning toward Rome he discovered a third enemy directing his revenge against him. The prophet was soon completely surrounded by uncompromising foes. Loud mutterings were heard on every side. There came at last outspoken objections to the Frate's interference in political matters. He was called a disturber of the peace of Florence. At this stage in the progress of affairs, an enemy of Savonarola and a hater of popular government was elected standard-bearer or mayor of Florence. No time was lost in making the impression that Savonarola was a creator of sedition, an enemy of law and order, an unmitigated pretender and traitor, to be dealt with in a summary manner. When the pope was requested to put a stop to the Frate's preaching, he was only too ready to comply. Complaints had come from priests, bishops, and cardinals, who had been scourged by the exposures and bitter denunciation of Savonarola. Nor had the court at Rome itself been spared; even the pope had been made to wince under the lash of the fearless reformer. With a sinister purpose, but

with oily words and hypocritical blandishments, the pope invited Savonarola to Rome. Fortunately the preacher was not able to go. Then came a brief, forbidding him to preach. But this was no greater an affliction to Savonarola than to thousands of his friends, who interceded for him, and assured the pope of the edifying character of his preaching. Then—ah, subtle trick of cunning Rome!—Savonarola was offered a cardinal's hat if he would change his style of preaching. He spurned the offer and longed only for the hat that should be red with the blood of holy martyrdom. The pope was furious, beside himself with rage, breathing out threatenings and slaughter. Savonarola was now on the defensive. Here was the purest, most serious, and conscientious man that Italy had seen since Dante, in open and notorious antagonism with the most depraved monster that had wielded the power in Rome since the bloody reign of Nero. Savonarola in a death-grapple with Alexander Borgia!

The people are obedient to the extremest demands of the preacher. He is threatened with the vengeance of both the ecclesiastical power of Rome and the political parties of Florence. As we have seen, his enemies attempted to bribe

him into silence, but in vain. His power with the people increased. He predicted war, and it came; famine, and it appeared; plague, and it stalked abroad. Yet he alone averted the sword of the conqueror Charles VIII, and warned the invader from the city. Now he goes about feeding the hungry and visiting the sick in time of famine and pestilence. He comes to be regarded as greater than priest or pope or king, and the people look upon him as the head of the Florentine Government. A theocracy is attempted, and Jesus Christ is chosen King of Florence, with Savonarola as his prophet. Religious festivals are inaugurated. Bonfires blaze in the public squares in honor of Christ. Wild dancing and singing are indulged. Thousands of children, bearing red crosses adorned with flowers, march the streets, singing praises to God and begging alms. All this wild religious feeling finds a climax in the memorable event of the "burning of the vanities." A pyramid sixty feet high is built of all those things which, as Savonarola had taught the people, are offensive to God. Thousands upon thousands of articles are brought by all classes, and thrown upon the pile which is destined to the flame. The masks, wigs, and dresses used in the pagan carnivals;

cards, dice, and all the paraphernalia of the gambling vice; the paints, cosmetics, and false adornments of worldly women; indecent books, such as Boccaccio and some of the ancient poets which have become very popular in the nunneries; and indelicate paintings, which are better fitted for the flames than for palace or convent walls; and all such vanities compose the pyramid. For this collection a shrewd Venetian has the business enterprise to offer a good round sum; but he is rewarded for his audacity by having his own portrait placed on top of the pyramid, which is now lighted by torches and consumed to ashes amid the ringing of bells and the wildest, most extravagant demonstrations of shouting, singing, and dancing. Though we have no disposition to call fanaticism by a milder term, yet while many have accused Savonarola of wanton vandalism in the fanatical destruction of valuable works of literature and art, and brand him as the enemy of the revival of learning, we find strong arguments in his defense. To assume that Savonarola was an enemy of literature and art, and was inimical to the Renaissance movement, is to place too great a value upon the articles condemned to the flames in that hour of enthusiasm. The

burning of the "vanities" simply demonstrated Savonarola's hatred of the shams, vanities, and baubles that were deceiving and corrupting the people. That remarkable event but proved Savonarola's remarkable detestation of all sensual, indecent, vitiating art and literature, and hence his appreciation of all that was pure, good, and refining. It is not too much to affirm of Savonarola's influence on the art of the later Renaissance—its better, grander period—that he gave to it its pure moral character, and rescued it from the degeneration and indecency of paganism. Bartolomeo and Lorenzo de Credi cast many a picture into those virtuous flames because they became convinced that such works were unworthy the consecrated pencil of Christian artists and unworthy the scrutiny of Christian eyes. Robbia the sculptor, Crenaca the famous architect, and Botticelli the painter were the disciples of the reformer, and in their great works these men showed the influence of his teaching. But we may associate Savonarola with a greater genius than any of these, and through that genius associate him with the Renaissance in all its glory; for Michael Angelo was a devoted admirer of Savonarola, of his character, his preaching, his writings, and his life. As in his blind

old age the famous sculptor would find his way to the famous Torso of the Belvidere, and tenderly pass his fingers over the marvelous form which he claimed as his lifelong teacher in the plastic art, so, in his declining years, he sought consolation and strength from the writings of the good martyr monk who had been his spiritual teacher from his youth. The same principles which made Angelo a good and great-souled man prompted him to dedicate his extraordinary genius to the glory of Christianity. Who had a greater influence on art than Angelo? Who had a greater influence on Angelo than Savonarola? Now it is our argument that the preacher who inspired the pencils or chisels of Credi, Bartolomeo, Robbia, Crenaca, Botticelli, and Michael Angelo with a pious purpose and with religious themes, gave character to the noblest art of the Renaissance.

It has been charged that Savonarola was an enemy of the revival of learning, and a fanatical, ruthless destroyer of valuable literary treasures. It is ignorantly supposed that he consigned to the flames precious manuscripts and books of fabulous value which had been rescued from oblivion and deposited in libraries, and that this fanatical monk robbed succeeding

generations of priceless literary treasures, and therein exhibited his own hatred of learning, culture, and progress. But this is not true. It was through his influence alone that Saint Mark secured, at a large price, the famous Medicean Library, which contained the most precious literary works, the rarest Greek and Latin manuscripts to be found in Europe. Had it not been for Savonarola, that splendid collection which was the pride of learned Florence would have been scattered as leaves before a gale. If Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici are to be admired for their taste and liberality in collecting so magnificent a library, then Savonarola, with all his hatred of Boccaccio and the unchaste classics, must be praised by the true friends of culture and learning for his wisdom in preserving the literary treasures which the Medici had collected. In justice, it must also be admitted that Savonarola's poems and sermons had an influence upon the literary minds of the age; they were no small part of the best literature of the revival.

As the enthusiastic monk continued to fulminate his charges against the corrupt dignitaries of Church and State, Alexander VI finally hurled at him the bull of excommunication.

This was followed by the excommunication of Savonarola's followers. From that hour the preacher's popularity began to decline, and clouds big with wrath, and muttering with the thunders of vengeance, began to gather about his devoted head. All this Savonarola had predicted.

It can not reasonably be supposed that Savonarola was responsible for the fanatical folly of the "Ordeal by Fire." His enthusiastic disciple, Domenico, led the reformer into that lamentable blunder, although it may even more reasonably be affirmed that the zealous follower had unwittingly led his master into a trap which had cunningly been set for him by his enemies. The prophet's refusal to enter the flames severed the last tie of confidence that bound the people to him. From that moment he was the most bitterly-hated man in Florence, and his doom was sealed. The trial which ended in his conviction and sentence to death will forever remain as a stain upon the escutcheon of Florence. It was diabolically unjust. Judges were appointed for this trial who had been the open and avowed enemies of the accused. Condemnation had already been decided upon before the farcical trial began. Yet

the examination of the accused prophet was unsatisfactory. His enemies could extort from him no confession, could beguile him of no utterance upon which to hang the shadow of a conviction; but the rope, whip, thumb-screw, and fire were at the disposal of Florentine and papal justice to extort unguarded expressions and confessions from the lips of suspected and accused persons. The delicate, nervous, and wearied frame of Savonarola was put to torture. His muscles were torn, his flesh lacerated, his joints dislocated, his feet blistered with coals of fire, to extort from him a confession that might justify his condemnation and execution. Delirious with the exquisite torture which Roman Catholic cruelty and Florentine diabolism had invented and applied, the poor sufferer uttered many wild, incoherent sentences which his tormentors, in the name of justice, tortured into confessions of guilt. But whenever the lacerated martyr was relieved for a season and regained his senses, he would throw himself on his knees and ask pardon of God, if during his pain and delirium he had proven false to the truth; and on his quivering knees he prayed that God would also forgive his tormentors.

On one subject Savonarola was never fully

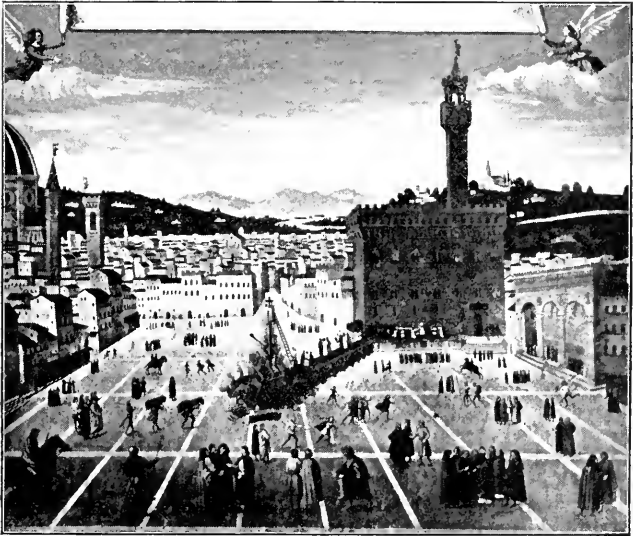
persuaded. At times he seemed to affirm, and at others to deny, that he was an inspired prophet. He had uttered many remarkable predictions which had, even to the knowledge of his enemies, been verified in their history. But whether these predictions were merely the shrewd forecastings of a wise and far-seeing mind, or were the results of a supernatural illumination, seemed to be to his mind, as it has been to many minds, a question. Therefore, when he came to the trial, which he knew would end in his martyrdom, he displayed an uncertainty of conviction which was proof to his enemies of his guilt and of the hypocrisy of all his pretensions. On all questions of doctrine and of ecclesiastical polity he was impregnable. On all questions of patriotism, loyalty to liberty and the people, he was superior to every test. But when put to the torture which subjected him to the most excruciating agony, in wild, incoherent sentences, he appeared to deny, at least not to affirm, his divine inspiration. Yet, with all their tricks, all their threats, insults, and fiendish tortures, they would at last throw the poor, bleeding, quivering, and senseless Savonarola into his cell, with rage and disappointment that he had not said

something in all his raving pain that would justify even their blunted consciences in convicting him. Again and again was Savonarola put to the torture, and yet the brave soul never thought of compromising the truth or proving disloyal to the cause of liberty and righteousness. Days and weeks went by, and new schemes were hatching in the viper's nest of Florentine justice. There were other methods which the people that had been taught by Sixtus IV, Innocent VIII, and Alexander VI, knew well how to use; and the dignified Senate of that foremost city of the world chuckled with demoniacal delight when a Florentine notary, Ceccone, with a fiendish smile, suggested that, where no cause for conviction existed, they must make one, and proposed for four hundred ducats to invent a case against Savonarola. He took it upon himself to alter the answers which fell from the quivering lips of the prophet while questions were put to him under torture; and words were changed, sentences altered and omitted, or inserted to suit the purpose. Thus a most damaging case was made out against the accused. Three trials and three series of torture were inflicted through a period of forty days. The

last trial was conducted and the last tortures were applied by the pope's own commissioners, sent from Rome for the purpose, with the conviction and sentence already prepared and in their possession. As they entered Florence and heard on all sides the cry, "Death, death to the friar!" one answered, with a smile: "Die he shall, at all events. We shall make a famous blaze. I have the sentence already prepared." This was one of Savonarola's judges, who shortly after was made a cardinal.

Savonarola was, of course, convicted, and condemned to death, and with him his two most zealous followers, Fra Domenico and Fra Salvestro, who had been granted as just and righteous an examination as papal and Florentine law had given their master.

Preparations were speedily made for the execution of the reformer and his two devoted followers. It was the 23d of May, 1498. Scaffolds had been erected, and materials for the fire gathered about them; for the martyrs were to be hanged and burned. Florence turned out *en masse* to witness the execution. The historic square which had been the scene of many tragic events was crowded with a vast, seething mob, which hooted and cursed and



EXECUTION OF SAVONAROLA.

stoned the condemned friars as they were led forth to die; but, with firm step and serene face, with words of advice, forgiveness, and farewell, each proceeded to the fatal spot of execution. They were first degraded from their sacred office by being stripped of their priestly gowns, which were to them more precious insignia than the gold and purple robes of kings. The pope had appointed a friend and disciple of the reformer to pronounce his degradation. But when, with faltering voice and trembling frame, the good Bishop of Vasona forgot the usual formula, and in his agitation said, "I separate you from the Church militant and triumphant," Savonarola, with the utmost composure, a strange light suffusing his remarkable countenance, corrected the bishop, and replied: "From the Church militant, not from the Church triumphant."

His disciples were first executed, and they went to their death like the martyrs of old. Savonarola then, with a fearless mien, but with a gentle, forgiving look—an expression of love and sorrow for his people—mounted the ladder to the chain and rope. "In what state of mind do you endure this martyrdom?" asked a friendly priest at the last moment. "The

Lord has suffered as much for me," were the great last words of Savonarola. The body swung out, the flames leaped up; but a gust of wind carried them away from the swaying body. "A miracle, a miracle!" was the cry; but the next moment the body was wrapped in flames. A wild shout from the frenzied multitude made Florence tremble, and Savonarola was numbered with the world's great martyrs to a gospel of righteousness, liberty, and love.

Though the body of the reformer was stoned as it hung there, swinging in the flames, and though his ashes were thrown into the yellow Arno, yet, for years and centuries after, the morning of every 23d of May found beautiful flowers in great profusion scattered on the consecrated spot where Savonarola gave back his soul to God. And now, Florence of United Italy, disenthralled from papal tyranny and despotic rule, remembers with gratitude that champion of liberty and union, that preacher of righteousness and love, and erects with pride, in this nineteenth century, a statue of Savonarola. Wonderful city—city of flowers, city of tumults!—Florence the penitent, Florence the beautiful!—thy history from far-off Cæsar's days has been wrought of a mingled yarn, good and

ill together, sad and joyful, dark and splendid, mean and great. Thy hands are bright with jewels, yet foully stained with blood. Thy brow wears scars of woe and diadems of pride. Thy wine with tears has oft been mingled; thy songs, with lamentations. Mighty thy sons have been as any that have trod the highway of these modern years. Amid thy sobs and thy songs, amid thy tears and thy laughter, amid thy fights and thy festivals, thou hast cradled greatness and nursed geniuses immortal; for are not Dante, Brunelleschi, Donatello, and Ghiberti all thy sons? Are not Masaccio, Buonarotti, and Da Vinci thy offspring? Did not the noble Cosmo and "The Magnificent" spring from thy loins? Do not the names of Boccaccio, Ficino, Politian, Bembo, Amerigo Vespucci, Galileo, and the good Savonarola shine with the splendor of their undying fame in the crown of thy queenly greatness? But why, O blind and hard of heart, why didst thou let Masaccio starve amid thy splendid palaces? Why didst thou drive sweet Dante an exile from thy gates, to find a home and grave with kinder strangers? Why turns the mighty Leonardo from thy cold unfriendliness to seek appreciation from Milan's despots, and die a stranger on the royal lap of

France, rather than an honored son in the mother arms of Italy? And why, fair Florence, dost thou stone the prophets that are sent to thee, and burn, amid the insults and execrations of thy populace, the most righteous man that ever graced thy history, the most Demosthenean orator that ever shook thy temples with the thunders of his sacred eloquence?

Thy prophet, thy preacher, the champion of thy peace and liberties, was no impostor, hypocrite, and charlatan, to merit thy maledictions and the cruel tortures of thy prison, scaffold, and flames. Since Dante fled in sorrow from thy gates, a whiter soul, a stronger intellect, a greater heart, a more eloquent tongue, a conscience more sincere, had not adorned thy history. Whatever faults of education, superstitions in belief, mistakes in judgment, and extravagances of zeal he may be justly charged withal, yet a truer, more genuine, sincere, and godly man has never added a holy pride and greatness to the name of Florence or Italy.

He whose boyish heart was full of religious devotion, and turned to prayer when others turned to vice; he who strolled alone through the groves and fields, and wept for Italy and mourned o'er Zion's shame; he for whom the

world and all its pleasures, all its splendors, had no charm; he who knelt for hours at a time upon the altar stair, and gave it a holier consecration by the baptism of his tears; he who felt himself driven out upon the troubled, dangerous sea of his strange career by the very breath of God,—never came to thee but to serve thee and to save thee. He came to thee with the gospel of sweet charity and peace; he smote oppression, sin, and wickedness; he never feared the face of man, nor courted the favor of the powerful; he stood as a shield of defense between the people and the strong arm of the conquerors; he fed the poor, visited the sick, comforted the dying, and consoled the bereaved, while plague and pestilence stalked abroad; he fell upon his knees, while his lacerated body still quivered with the agony of the cruel torture, and prayed, “Father, forgive them; they know not what they do;” he bade his friends lay down their arms, and not to shed a drop of human blood in his defense; he walked without a tremor to the scaffold and to the flames; he could truthfully hold up that sacred habit of his Order, of which he had been stripped, and say, “To this day I have kept thee spotless;” he gave his life to seal his words and work, and perished saying,

“The Lord has suffered as much for me.” That man was no false prophet, no hypocrite, no ambitious impostor, but the most sincere, righteous, sin-hating, truth-loving, God-fearing spirit of his age; a preacher, unparalleled in modern eloquence; a reformer, dauntless as an Elijah, a Luther, or a John Knox; a martyr, as sublime in his devotion as a Stephen, a Huss, or a Cranmer. Florence has begged and sued for the ashes of her exiled Dante; for he sleeps among strangers, while his own penitent Florence longs in vain to build for him a tomb full worthy of his fame and greatness. And Florence would gather, too, the ashes of her greatest preacher beneath the monumental marble; but, alas! she hurled them into the Arno in her fury; the Arno swept them into the sea, and the sea around the world. But while no massive monument of brass or stone hides the holy dust of the great preacher and reformer, yet to-day just Fame is cutting into the white foundation-stone of Italian unity and freedom the name “Savonarola.”

As a reformer, Savonarola's work was almost fruitless in any good, abiding, local results. There was no radical or permanent reform of the Church effected. We must ever keep in mind that the would-be reformer was a Roman

Catholic; that he held to the faith of that Church with an unflinching loyalty. The notion of reforming the creed or the polity of the Church had never possessed his mind. He revolted against the abuses that had insinuated themselves into the ecclesiastical system, and cried most earnestly for a reform in morals, and a revival of piety in the souls of all true Catholics, from the wicked pope to the wicked people; but a departure from the old faith, a secession from the Catholic communion, a cutting loose even from the traditions and many of the vain superstitions of the Church, he never contemplated. He would reform the Church from within, and that, not by adopting a new and advanced creed or polity, but by returning with the old creed and the old polity to the ancient simplicity, devotion, and virtue. In this he failed. Nevertheless, Savonarola broke the spell of Dark-Age moral indifference—he woke the people's conscience. His work started a spiritual reaction from the corruptions of Rome. He prepared the way for another. Though the purest and most heroic spirit since Dante, he, like the melancholy singer, appealed to callous ears. He pleaded, as Dante had done, for liberty and right. But as Florence banished her great-

est poet, so did she barbarously burn her greatest preacher.

It can not be denied that a vein of fanaticism runs through Savonarola's life-work. He was doubtless conscious of his fanatical tendencies, and at times he seemed to contend against himself, and succeeded in holding those tendencies in check. But in the lamentable affair of the ordeal by fire, into which he permitted his enthusiastic disciple Fra Domenico to lead him, Savonarola lost that mastering judgment essential to the successful reformer. It must be said, however, that he maintained his purity, devotion, and sincerity to the last. His death was a martyrdom. Savonarola's name must stand for everything chaste, devout, unworldly, and truth-loving in character; everything noble, determined, patriotic, and righteous in the highest effort, if not in the most successful achievement.

There was a logic in the mission of Savonarola, a logic that became necessary to the argument underlying the Reformation. In that heroic mission it had been proved that the Church could not be reformed from within. A Protestantism was needed to save Christianity to the world. Savonarola was not a Protestant; he was not a seceder like Luther. He was the

forerunner of Luther, and his very failure proved that a Luther was needed as the champion of a religious reformation and of Christian progress. In this work, all unconsciously perhaps, Savonarola prepared the way for Protestantism. It is well known that Savonarola's character, work, and writings had an influence on the mind and destiny of Luther, and that thus he became one of the foremost pioneers of the Reformation. Looking into the future, we are able to see the on-working of forces set in motion by these two antagonistic spirits of the Renaissance, Lorenzo and Savonarola. There was to be another meeting and conflict between the influences which these men had created. The spirit of Lorenzo survived in his son—Leo X—and the spirit of Savonarola survived in Martin Luther, a profound admirer of the martyr. Luther was to win the battle which Savonarola began, and in which he fell. The paganism of culture and the paganism of the Church were united under the pontificate of Leo de' Medici, and against both the paganism of culture and the paganism of Christianity the Reformation was a protest. A pure culture and a pure Christianity, for which Savonarola contended and to which he was a martyr, were se-

cured and restored in Protestantism. If not in name, yet certainly in spirit, Savonarola, like Dante, Wyclif, and Luther, was a Protestant.

Michael Angelo Buonarotti was born on a mountain, significant of his rugged strength of character and towering superiority of genius. He was a Tuscan, and thus proud compatriot of Raphael, Petrarch, and Dante. When he came, in 1475, the Renaissance was nearing its noonday splendor. Though this supreme man was wont to boast that in his veins ran the blood of the Counts of Canossa and of Charlemagne, his parents were in humble circumstances at the time of his birth. This great name must therefore be placed among the many that have adorned the "annals of the poor." And what a splendid list of names it is—names of the sons of honest poverty! Homer, Virgil, Chaucer, Luther, Columbus, Newton, Rembrandt, Molière, and Shakespeare also sprang from obscurity.

Like Savonarola and Lorenzo de' Medici, St. Augustine, Napoleon, and Washington, Michael Angelo doubtless inherited his strength of character, if not his genius, from his mother. His father was an obscure stonemason, who

could not appreciate the artistic inclinations and endeavorings of Michael, but thought him a very visionary fellow when he displayed no predilection for the honest trade of a stonemason, but aspired to be an artist.

Angelo entered a world of artistic beauty as it was approaching its zenith glory—a glory which was to culminate in the immortal greatness of his own achievements. At the age of thirteen he was apprenticed to Ghirlandaio, the foremost painter of Florence. There he at once astonished his masters with his precocity. At fourteen he was recommended as a pupil in the school of sculpture founded by the Medici. He soon became the favorite of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and was admitted to the company of poets and philosophers who composed the Platonic Academy, and graced the brilliant banquets given in the palace of the Medici.

Angelo's early masters found in him a pupil whose genius seemed superior to education. They could teach him little or nothing. He surprised them, and even aroused their jealousy, by his first performances. He seemed to have come into the world already instructed, as if having been taught by masters in another world. As his first nurse was a stonemason's wife, he

claimed that he had been nursed on chisels and mallets, which he came to use so naturally—so supernaturally, those would say who delighted to call him the “divine man.”

Angelo found Florence, as Savonarola found it, the intellectual and æsthetic center of civilization. Here art vied with nature, and human genius with creative power, in making the fair capital of Tuscany as lovely as it was influential. Masters had been there, as we have seen—architects, such as Giotto, Brunelleschi, and Arnolfo; sculptors, such as Ghiberti and Donatello; and painters, of whom the chief were Cimabue, Masaccio, Fra Angelico, Lippi, and Perugino. Angelo was born twelve years before Raphael, and became famous before Raphael was known. Da Vinci was in his prime when Angelo came, a mere boy, into the arena of rivalry, to bear away the crown. Having, as a child, left his instructors far behind, he now came to match his power against the greatest artists of the age, and soon, by common consent, he stood supreme.

The revival of art was the most characteristic feature of the Renaissance, and Michael Angelo gave character to the revival. In saying all this, we do not forget the works and



RAPHAEL.

influence of Raphael and Da Vinci, the only two who have ever been considered great enough to be his rivals. Sir Joshua Reynolds said: "It is to Michael Angelo that we owe the existence of a Raphael. It is to him that Raphael owes the grandeur of his style." Raphael himself thanked God that he had been born in the age of Buonarrotti. It was decided also by a famous contest in Florence, that Angelo was the superior of Da Vinci in design. This is not saying that every lover of art has admired the "Last Judgment," by Angelo, above the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, or the "Last Supper," by Leonardo. It is not saying that Leonardo and Raphael were inferior to Angelo in coloring and in the power to delineate beauty. But Angelo was a many-sided genius, and was great on every side. Raphael and Da Vinci rivaled him only in painting. Angelo was more than a painter. He was great as a painter, great as a sculptor, great as an architect, great as an engineer, great as a poet, and great as a man. Raphael and Da Vinci were great only in painting. Michael Angelo always prided himself on being a sculptor. When called upon to attempt painting or architecture, he boasted that he was a sculptor, but modestly denied that he was

either a painter or an architect. It has been claimed, and justly, that Angelo's frescoes and architectural designs are manifestly the work of a sculptor who has, for the time, laid aside the chisel to experiment with pencil and compass.

The first nineteen or twenty years of his career were devoted almost entirely to the plastic art. He undertook nothing of importance in painting before the year 1508. He began his artistic career by a careful study of the antique as found in the classic models with which Florence and Rome had been enriched. The products of his chisel for the first ten years after his admission to the garden of the Medici, manifest the influence of classicism, the grace, finish, and ideality of Greek art. The "Bacchus" and "Adonis" of the National Museum in Florence, the "Madonna Della Pieta" of St. Peter's in Rome, the "Madonna and Child" of Notre Dame in Bruges, are all in the sculptor's first or classical manner; they are not particularly Michaelangesque.

From this time on, say from the age of twenty-five, we see the results of his study, not of Greek statues, but of the human body—of nature. As Shakespeare, in the creation of an English drama, broke away from the limitations





"MOSES," BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

of the classical drama and seemed to ignore the laws of Aristotle, for which Voltaire severely criticised him, so Michael Angelo, as "myriad-minded" in art as was the Bard of Avon in literature, with the audacity of a supreme genius, of a self-sufficient creator, struck out a new path; a path, however, which he alone could safely and triumphantly pursue; a path in which he became the creator and leader of Italian art. A profound study of nature, or of anatomy, resulted in greater individuality and less ideality of plastic expression in the work of Angelo. His departure from the Greek ideals to the less graceful and placid, but more realistic and individual, may be discovered in the statue of "Christ" at Rome, and the superb heroic statue of "David," at Florence, which was produced in Angelo's twenty-ninth year. The statue of "Moses," originally intended for the tomb of Julius II, in Rome, which was never completed according to Angelo's magnificent design, and the tombs of Julian and Lorenzo de' Medici, in San Lorenzo, Florence, are doubtless the noblest creations of modern sculpture, the production of a genius who was a law unto himself, if not a law to the world for all time.

When, at the age of thirty-three, Angelo

was called upon by Pope Julius to fresco the Sistine Chapel built by Sixtus IV, he protested that he was not a painter, and generously recommended Raphael. He little knew what powers were hidden within him awaiting development. He finally yielded to the demands of Julius, shut himself up to the work, and, after four years, threw open the Sistine Chapel to astonish the world with his marvelous creations, which inaugurated a new era in the history of art. That glorious ceiling, one hundred and thirty-one feet long by forty-four feet wide, is peopled with no less than three hundred and forty-three figures of sibyls, prophets, and patriarchs. The central space is divided into nine pictures of earlier sacred history, from the Creation to the Flood. The figure of Adam, in the space devoted to the "Creation of Adam," has been pronounced "the grandest figure in modern art," while in the entire work Christian art reached its climax.

In the production of these wonderful frescoes of the Sistine ceiling, Angelo became supreme monarch in the realm of painting. Whatever may have been the promise and fame of Raphael up to this time, it is a significant fact that he changed his manner when he saw the

magnificent figures created by the genius of Michael Angelo—a tribute in itself to the leadership and superiority of Angelo.

It was not until twenty years later that Clement VII called upon Angelo to finish the decoration of the Sistine Chapel with a picture of the "Last Judgment." Paul III, still later, was anxious to carry out Clement's design, and urged the painter to the work, which was finished on Christmas, 1541, after eight years of toil, and when the artist was at the good age of sixty-six. This, the largest picture in the world, covers a space at one end of the chapel of fifty four feet six inches by forty-three feet six inches. It contains three hundred and fourteen figures of superhuman mold, in which nearly every possible attitude of the human form is delineated with the power of truthfulness unparalleled in the history of painting.

In these wonderful frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, and in the creations of his chisel, Angelo seems to have considered the human form as the highest object in nature for art-study and delineation. He does not seem to have studied the anatomy of the tree, of the beast, or of the landscape, with any such devotion as that with which he mastered the anatomy of the human

form. He repudiated as unworthy of his powers easel-painting and all painting in oils. As a consequence, we look in vain among his creations for such glorious portraits as were produced by Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Reynolds. The sweetness and beauty of such colorists as Raphael, Titian, Tintoretto, Correggio, Millet, and Diaz are not to be found in his works; while the landscapes of Claude, Ruysdael, Hobbema, Corot, and Rousseau would have been as foreign to his taste and style as the lyre of Apollo would have been to the thunder-hurling Jupiter.

Though the nude human form was the only object in nature which Angelo considered worthy of interpretation in art, we never find his genius prostituting itself to the sensuality so characteristic of the modern French school. The nude of Angelo's art is never the sensual. To his eye the human form was "fearfully and wonderfully made"—the masterpiece of creative power. Its most nearly perfect delineation in stone or bronze or colors must be the masterpiece of art genius. Doubtless he saw that every thought and feeling, every passion and mood of mind or heart was accompanied by a corresponding physical expression, and the body was, in every su-

preme moment, a perfect index of the soul. Hence the nudity of figures in the "Last Judgment." The intensity of the rapture, or of the misery, is indicated by the physical attitude. We do not mean that the artist would leave the impression that the happiness or the suffering of the last day will be physical. He seemed, however, to have found the truth that mental suffering or mental delight can be pictured only by their physical effects or accompaniments. Whether it be, therefore, to delineate in art the noblest object in nature as a thing of beauty, or to interpret mental states, passions, feelings, and moods of the soul by corresponding physical expression, Angelo chooses the human form as the most perfect model for artistic study and interpretation.

There is nothing more distantly removed from French nudity, nothing more Puritanical in art, if the anachronism may be pardoned, than those solemn, serious portraitures in the Sistine frescoes. The Chapel of Sixtus is full of the spirit of Dante and Savonarola, of Moses and St. John. Michael Angelo is more than a painter here. He is a preacher, a revelator.

In 1546, Paul II called Angelo to be the architect of St. Peter's in Rome. The artist was

then seventy-one years of age. Again Angelo modestly protested that he was a sculptor, not an architect. Even at that advanced age he was not fully aware of the powers that were still hidden within him and waiting for an opportunity to develop for a wonderful advancement. He was finally persuaded to assume the vast undertaking, which had proven so perplexing to Bramanti, San Gallo, and Raphael. For eighteen years he toiled upon this stupendous edifice, without pay, all for the glory of God and for that reward which he expected from his Divine Master in the higher world.

In this last work Angelo produced his masterpiece, the culminating triumph of which was lifting the "Pantheon into the air," crowning the great cathedral with that magnificent dome which rivaled the dome of Brunelleschi in Florence, and became the despair of Sir Christopher Wren when he built St. Paul's of London. Angelo did not live to see the completion of his designs, nor were they completed until twenty-seven years after his death. Had he lived to finish his work doubtless the noble structure would have presented a more perfect and imposing appearance than it came to assume under the modifications introduced by his



ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

successors. St. Peter's stands to-day as the result and the monument of three hundred years of artistic experiment, toil, and achievement, representing an expenditure of fifty millions of dollars. Michael Angelo's genius made its completion possible, and his art constitutes it the most glorious triumph of modern architecture. His last work was his greatest, and it formed a fitting climax of the noblest career in the history of art.

Angelo lived to be eighty-nine years old. He outlived all his rivals and all his most conspicuous patrons. Thirteen different popes occupied the pontifical chair during his life, from Sixtus IV to Pius IV. He witnessed nearly all the changes, all the achievements, which made up the brilliant epoch of the Renaissance. From the day he entered the garden of the Medici as a lad of fourteen, to enjoy the patronage of Lorenzo, to the day on which he died at Rome in his ninetieth year, he was a most industrious workman. What monuments stand to-day in Florence and Rome to celebrate the genius and industry of this wonderful man! There are at least ten such monuments, any one of which would immortalize the name of him who produced it. The statue of "David"

in Florence, what can compare with it except the "Apollo Belvedere" at the Vatican? The colossal statue of "Moses" in Rome, what can rival it except the "Farnese Hercules" in Naples? The statue of the crucified "Savior" in the arms of Mary, to be seen in St. Peter's, what composition in marble has equal merits except the "Laocoon?" Three works of this wonderful chisel are rivaled only by the three greatest achievements of antiquity. But looking upon the tombs of the Medici in Florence, the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, and the Church of St. Peter's in Rome, one must admit that they have stood for three hundred years unrivaled, the superb masterpieces in their departments of the supreme genius in modern art. Had three different men left us the statues of "David" or "Moses," the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, and the dome of St. Peter's, they would be pronounced the three greatest geniuses of modern history—the greatest sculptor, the greatest painter, and the greatest architect. Yet one genius produced them all—the thrice-gifted Florentine, the art-trinity Angelo.

It may easily be imagined how bright the art-age became which was lighted up by the genius of such a man. The age that witnessed

the carving of such a statue as "David" or "Moses," the painting of such a fresco as the "Last Judgment," and the building of such a temple as St. Peter's, must needs revive and become great. No wonder the boys of Rome and Florence grew up to be painters, sculptors, and architects, when the praises of Angelo were on the lips of the people and of princes and popes, while the beautiful creations of his genius made cities famous and all Italy glorious. These works brought with them a new art ambition and impulse to the world, and Angelo became to the new art movement in Italy and in Christendom what Shakespeare became to the new literary, Bacon to the new philosophical, Newton to the new scientific, Wesley to the new religious, and Washington to the new republican, movements of the English-speaking world.

It has been noticed that Angelo was a disciple of Savonarola, a student of his sermons and theology, and was from his youth of a religious turn of mind. Dante deeply impressed him through his works, and though the artist was originally cast into a large and noble mold, yet these two somber religionists, the greatest poet and greatest preacher of Italy, had a powerful influence upon him in fashioning his char-

acter, and through his character making an impress—a theological, a Christian impress—upon his art.

Angelo was a man of conscience, of high moral purpose; serious, thoughtful, devout; full of convictions, full of the Bible, full of God, full of eternity. The strictest integrity marked all his dealings with his fellow-men. He was temperate in the midst of universal intemperance, serious in the midst of prevailing worldliness, economical in the midst of a fashionable extravagance and profligacy, pure and righteous in the midst of uncondemned but shameful sensuality. He would have been a Puritan in Cromwell's land. He kept himself singularly aloof from the corruption of his age, and maintained in a very unrighteous country and time an exalted character and spotless reputation worthy a disciple of Jesus Christ. Angelo's integrity, reverence, holy fear of God, belief in Jesus Christ and knowledge of the Scripture found expression in his art. His works were religious, his art was Scriptural and Christian, as truly as was the poetry of Dante and the preaching of Savonarola. When it is considered that the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is decorated with Scriptural scenes from the "creation of the

world," that his greatest popular triumph if not his most highly artistic achievement was "The Last Judgment," that his chief works in marble were Scriptural characters, such as David, Moses, and Jesus, and that during eighteen years Angelo devoted himself to his great work of building St. Peter's, the noblest religious structure of Europe, refusing all pay except such as he prayed God would bestow upon him in the next world, we are impressed with the religious character and mission of Angelo's art.

This spirit which was breathed into Angelo's great works had its influence on the art of his age, freed it from much of the old paganism that had enslaved and degraded it in the past, and gave it a more vigorous, more noble and Christian character. There is a sense in which Angelo was the Luther of art, or, better still, the Constantine of art. He led it out of the despotism and slavery of paganism, and pledged it as an instrument of power to Christianity. Angelo was the autocrat of the art-life of the Renaissance and from the age of eighteen or twenty to the age of ninety, or for seventy years, he wielded the scepter of authority over that empire, the achievements of which still fill Europe with beauty, and the hearts of all art-lovers with admiration.

Michael Angelo is the art authority for this age, as he was for his own, and, as said of Shakespeare,

“He was not of an age.”

The English masters, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Flaxman, looked beyond all other teachers to Angelo. Sir Thomas Lawrence compared the works of Raphael and Angelo as the elegant to the sublime, and affirmed that Raphael never produced aught equal to the “Adam” and “Eve” of Angelo. Flaxman, who looked at art from a classical standpoint, said: “The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and the ‘Last Judgment,’ taken together as two portions of one whole, are unparalleled in the history of art, ancient or modern, in the vastness of the idea, the grandeur of the subject, the dignity of the characters.”

What Northcote admitted, doubtless every great and true artist who has visited Rome will admit: “For once I went to look at Raphael I went twice to look at Michael Angelo.”

Doubtless Michael Angelo was the noblest genius of the Renaissance, and his work the most enduringly great. Savonarola’s mission was more local, less definite. His work was

preparatory, abiding in spirit, but not in form, appearing remotely as an influence in the Reformation, and even later in Italian unity and freedom.

The literature of the Renaissance does not occupy a prominent and conspicuous place in the history of letters. It was pedantic, but not original and vigorous with genius. Politian's translations, verses, and epigrams, Landino's commentaries on Dante, Ficino's Platonic studies, Lorenzo's poems, and Machiavel's political ethics lack the universality of genius and interest which alone immortalizes literature. The art of the Renaissance was its crowning glory, its most perfect creation; and when we study the art of Michael Angelo we find ourselves in the presence of a universal genius. Here is the master. He will forever be so recognized. Art itself does not outgrow him. He was the secret; Angelo is art. With Lorenzo and Savonarola, Angelo was a providential man in a providential epoch. His work was as essential in the foundations of modern freedom as any accomplished by the prince or the martyr. The regeneration of art was as necessary as the revival of letters and the awakening of conscience. These geniuses, though so diverse in

character, tastes, and influence, were bound together in a higher harmony than they knew, and were, though unconsciously, co-workers in the emancipation of intellect and the reawakening of an independent, conscientious, and enlightened humanism.



MARTIN LUTHER.

II.

THE REFORMATION.

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THE REFORMATION.

THE central idea of the Renaissance was culture; of the Reformation, faith. In Italy an effort was made to restore ancient learning; in Germany a demand arose for the faith once delivered to the saints. The Renaissance filled the South with classic splendor, both in art and letters. The Reformation restored to the North liberty of conscience and simplicity of worship. These great movements were related. The revival of learning was tributary to the new religious advancement, and its influence comes down to us helpfully in the vigorous progress of modern religious life. If there had been no Reformation, the results of the Renaissance could not have been found in the German and Anglo-Saxon civilization of to-day. The revival spirit which brought the Age of Culture came from the Greek Church, and finally poured itself into the Protestant Church, and has been transmitted through German, English, and American life to this hour. Had it not been for the remnant of classical scholarship possessed by

the Greek Churchmen who came into Italy from Constantinople at the fall of the Byzantine Empire there would have been no revival of letters; and if it had not been for the uprising of Protestantism, the results of that revival of letters would have perished, and the very spirit of reason and learning would have disappeared.

We are indebted to the Christian Church for the preservation of all the jewels that fell from the broken and shattered crown of ancient culture. The languages which shone with the poetic genius of a Dante, a Homer, and a Virgil, and with the philosophic spirit and wisdom of a Job, a Solomon, a Plato, and a Tully; the great languages, and therewith the great literatures of the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Latins, were preserved by the Church, and by it handed down to modern taste and learning. It was, however, the Greek branch of the Christian Church, and not the Latin, which, through the Middle Ages, was the conservator of the invaluable treasures of the Greek tongue. At the beginning of the revival of learning, the Latin or Roman Catholic Church imbibed the old classic spirit, but turned it to sensuality and worldliness rather than to scientific, ethical, and religious enlightenment. Italy had run its course of intel-

lectual revival and progress in one hundred years, and was on the brink of another age of darkness. Art, literature, and wealth were declining, and with them was involved the so-called new civilization. When the Reformation came, and with it the Protestant form of Christianity, it caught the spirit of intellectual progress which was forsaking the Roman Church, instilled it into the life of the dominant nations of Northern Europe, and thereby gave to all our modern civilization its high intellectual, æsthetical, and religious character. It was the religious revival that preserved the intellectual revival from being extinguished, and not the revival of learning that saved the religious reformation from failure.

Take a rapid survey of the first fourteen hundred years of the Christian Era. The decline of Rome began with the close of the reign of Augustus, who was emperor when Christ was born. The succeeding three hundred years witnessed the universal spread of Christianity, so that at the time of Constantine it was made the State religion of the empire. In the deepest moral and spiritual sense the Roman Empire had not been Christianized. In fact, paganism was quite extensively intermixed with Christianity,

and the pure, simple gospel of apostolic times was comprehended and experienced by the hearts and lives of but few in the fourth and fifth centuries. When the rugged and barbarous Northmen came down in fury and overwhelmed the declining empire, it came in contact, not with an apostolic Church, nor with a Church of Protestant intelligence and purity, but with a Church more or less tinctured with paganism. During the Dark Ages following the fall of Roman civilization, the Latin Church, instead of throwing off the elements of paganism attached to it, only became more deeply paganized. Abuses crept into Christian ecclesiasticism, and errors poisoned Christian doctrines. The worship of the Virgin Mary, devotion to relics, the confessional, the nunnery, the celibacy of the priesthood, image-worship, prayers to saints, the doctrine of transubstantiation, the ecclesiastical and political ascendancy of the Bishop of Rome, his elevation to pontifical supremacy, the establishment of the papacy, and the promulgation of the right of the temporal power of the pope, with many other unscriptural, unreasonable, and corrupting abuses, belong in their genesis to the Dark Ages. Under the weight of these errors, the Church's spiritual life was crushed out, the dominant ecclesiasti-

cism became little less than a religious, intellectual, and political tyranny, subjecting the nations under its control to the yoke of Rome, and to a bondage of conscience, reason, and speech that checked the progress of humanity and the growth of civilization. With the revival of art at the close of the fifteenth century the Roman Church took on a worldly splendor, but not a new spiritual life. The revival of ancient learning became an occasion for a renewal of pagan tastes and pagan licentiousness. Monks, nuns, priests, bishops, cardinals, and popes became as profligate as the people. The chief ambition of Leo X was to aggrandize Rome; and he, with his immediate predecessors and successors in the pontifical chair, did not scruple to bankrupt Europe in order to sustain and augment the material splendor of the papal court. Now and then, as we have found, a voice was heard protesting against the worldliness of the Church and the absence of spiritual life in the so-called ministers of God. But there was a short and easy method for silencing such voices. So Huss, and Jerome of Bohemia, and Savonarola of Italy, learned in martyr-flames. The people, however, were beginning to think. The recently-invented printing-press was educating

the masses, widening their views, kindling their self-regard, enlightening their understandings, and quickening their consciences. Those haughty, independent Germans were beginning to wince under the galling yoke of Roman dictation, and the feeling was daily growing deeper and more general that the yoke must be broken and the thralldom ended. All that was needed was a leader, a man of genius to marshal the people for the issue.

Luther was historically the harvester of the fruitful results of remote and much earlier sowings. No doubt, from early Middle Age history the Waldenses and Albigenses had preserved the simplicity of Christian worship, having broken away from the Roman authority on the introduction of the abuses and idolatries above mentioned. They had kept the fires of a purer faith burning on their altars. As the outer world occasionally came in contact with these secluded and often persecuted peoples, it caught their spirit, and individuals, awakened to new spiritual life, carried abroad the zeal for a simple Christianity, which proved a spark divine to kindle devotion anew in many a distant community. But when, at the close of the twelfth century, the French Waldenses were dispersed and, by

papal edict, were driven from their homes and scattered abroad, many of them found shelter in Bohemia. There, with their devoted leader, Peter Waldo, they planted the seed of reformation which bore the significant harvest of the Hussite movement. It will also be remembered that the revival of learning had created in the minds of leading thinkers of Italy a contempt for the authority of an ignorant and superstitious ecclesiasticism. Savonarola had, in addition, unmasked the corruptions of the Church to the people. Much earlier, Wyclif had begun his enlightening, liberalizing work in England. Erasmus, too, had just set the thoughtful world smiling by his witty ridicule of the abuses he found in Rome. Thus the Reformation sprang from a confluence of many agencies, vigorous protests arising in England, France, Bohemia, Holland, Italy, and meeting in Germany in the lifetime of a man who proved himself the man for the hour. Deeply as modern progress was indebted to Abélard, Wyclif, Waldo, Huss, Savonarola, and Erasmus, no one of them had all the elements of a great leader. They contributed impulse, zeal, and enlightenment to the movement by their teachings and sacrifices. They had an influence on Luther; their work was pre-

paratory to his; but no one of them had the commanding genius to lead Europe to moral battle.

It must be admitted, moreover, that in the time of Huss, Wyclif, or even Savonarola, the people were not quite ready to be led. In fact, no one ever became a great leader unless he had great followers, nor do great leaders appear until the people are ready to follow their leaders. No man could have led Europe to the glorious victory of a Reformation a hundred years, or even twenty years, before Luther, in the providence of God, sprang into history, endowed with just the genius to lead Europe to religious liberty. Luther came when the hour of need struck in this great revolution, just when the people were ready for a leader. He did not create the circumstances; circumstances very largely created him, and his historic greatness is due to the fact that the German life—that independent Teutonic spirit—was rising indignantly to hurl back an unintellectual, bigoted, and cruel Romish supremacy. He had the very qualities of mind and heart that fitted him to lead that uprising German life and conviction to religious independence.

In 1483, the same year that Raphael was born

to make Italy splendid with art, the same year that Rabelais was born to make France laugh with his grimaces, Martin Luther was born to restore Christianity to the world. As we glance at the state of human affairs, we are reminded that at this period Savonarola was preaching for the first time in Florence. Michael Angelo was just beginning to draw charcoal sketches on the walls of his father's house. Copernicus was learning the multiplication table at his mother's knee, in Thorn. Americus Vesputius was clerking down in Florence. Only forty years before, printing had been invented; and nine years later, America was discovered.

Martin Luther is born, and with him the Reformation, religious liberty, and Protestantism.

Look at some of the events in Luther's life. They are the nerve-centers of the Reformation. Electric-shocks—nay, life-shocks—leap from these centers, thrilling Europe, quickening humanity, giving course and character to history. Call it chance, coincidence, or Providence; but often at that cradle-side at Eisleben went up the prayer from the heart of Hans Luther, the humble peasant: "Grant, O God, that he may become a real Luther in thy Church" ("Luther" meaning "a refiner"). Doubtless that very prayer

indicated that not only the statesmen and upper ranks of Germany, but even the humble peasants, were thinking of the corruptions of the Church, and were looking for a deliverer and leader. Yonder, three thousand years before, God's people were in bondage, yet growing independent and progressive in spirit, when a brave leader appeared, whose very infancy and childhood were overshadowed by Providence, until, at the call of God, Moses stepped forth to herald and to lead an Exodus. Fifteen hundred years later, the Angel of the Lord announced to the devout priest, Zacharias, the coming of one with all the elements of a reformer and leader, who should prepare the way for a new dispensation and turn the people toward Christ, and John the Baptist was given to be the herald of the Messiah. Just fifteen hundred years later, the Providence which watches over the world's destinies and is shaping history for human salvation and for the universal dominion of Jesus Christ, gave to the German peasants, Hans and Margaret Luther, a son, over whose very cradle the prayer was offered that he might be a Refiner of the Church of God. There was as much Providence in the birth of Martin Luther, just when the world needed him, as there was in the

birth of Moses, or of John the Baptist. So, today, leaders and reformers are as divinely sent as ever they have been in the history of the world. Sacred history is being made in these Christian centuries. God is in it. Christ is in it. The power of truth is in it. The spirit of redemption and enlightenment is in it. Look again: those humble wood-choppers become restless at their very toil in thinking of the boy who already gives indications of the genius and power that are in him, and while there, swinging the axe with sturdy stroke, Hans Luther says: "Martin must be educated." Does it not occur to us that ignorant men could not have led on that great Reformation? Behold the leaders God has chosen! Moses, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians; Paul, the pupil of Gamaliel and master of the learning of his time; Wesley, graduate and Greek lecturer of Oxford University; Luther, one of the ablest scholars of his age! Surely, that Hans and Margaret Luther builded better than they knew when they said, even in their poverty: "Martin must be educated." That resolution made possible the logical subtilty, the power of expression, the polemical skill, the scholarship, the high intellectual life, which met and confounded

the diplomats, the debaters, the royal and priestly agents of a corrupt papacy ; that resolution made possible the immortal theses which were the Reformation's declaration of independence ; that resolution made possible the German translation of the Bible, the public-school system of Germany, and all those blessings to the German people and to the world that grew out of Martin Luther's scholarship and education.

Another simple, pathetic incident in this life attracts attention. Martin Luther, at the age of fourteen, is walking the streets of Eisenach, singing from door to door, for food to keep him from starvation while he studies in the famous school in that place. Clear, sweet, and pathetic, that pure tenor voice rings out in a song for bread. In these days is cultivated that love for music which shall give songs to Germany. Little could any one have thought that he who sang from door to door for bread would give to his country songs with which her mighty armies, four hundred years later, should march to battles and to victories. But as an historic fact to which Mr. Fronde calls attention, in the Franco-Prussian War the German regiments marched into battle, singing Luther's paraphrase of the Psalm :

“Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott!”

Look upon another nerve-center of that great time. Luther is twenty. He is seated one morning in the library of the University of Erfurt. He holds in his hand for the first time a Holy Bible; his heart beats with a strange exhilaration; his great, black, lion-like eyes burn with a new fire, and he reads with the eagerness with which the panting hart drinks from the water-brook. It may have been then, or possibly later, that his eyes fell upon the inspired words, "The just shall live by faith;" but certain it is, that then and there was born the fundamental doctrine of the Reformation. The Bible is sole authority in belief and conduct—not priests, not popes, not Councils, not the Church, but "the Bible" is sole authority in belief and conduct. Here was the idea which met and overwhelmed the power of the papacy; here was the doctrine that broke the yoke of Rome from the fair neck of Germany; here was the truth which to this hour was to battle victoriously, not only against the errors of Roman Catholicism, but against the haughty bigotry of Rationalism and infidelity: "the Bible," not superstition, reason, science, nor philosophy; not the preacher, the priest, the pope, the Church, nor the State, but "the *Bible* is sole authority in belief and conduct."

All are familiar with that tragic scene which had so much to do with directing the future course of Luther—the sudden death of his chum, Alexis. Luther had graduated at twenty-two, and was contemplating the study of law, when one day his chum was assassinated, or, as one tradition has it, was struck dead by lightning as he walked beside Luther in the field. That event turned the future steps of Luther to a devout life, and he entered the monastery of St. Augustine at Erfurt, while the great question kept pounding away in his heart: “Am I saved? am I saved?”

We can not pass over Luther’s consecration to the priesthood without emphasizing the significant fact that he became a devoted disciple of Augustine, and a constant, profound student of his pure, spiritual teachings, which had been sadly neglected in both the study and practice of the Church. The young and eloquent monk became a lecturer in the University of Wittenberg. By the elevated tone of his moral instruction and the deep, spiritual feeling that animated all he said, together with his learning and eloquence, he attracted ever-increasing numbers of students to his lectures.

At the age of twenty-seven, Luther was sent

to Rome on some business connected with his Order. There Leo X was reigning in pontifical splendor. Bramante was rebuilding St. Peter's, Michael Angelo was frescoing the Sistine Chapel, and on every hand rose monuments of reviving art whose beauty struck awe to the heart of the simple and devout German monk. He was struck with astonishment, but also overwhelmed with shame and grief, because he saw associated with all the material magnificence of Rome a worldliness and profligacy which he had never dreamed could have crept into the Church of Christ. The city was filled with images and pictures which the people had come almost to worship, before which they bowed and muttered prayers. All sorts of relics, also, were held up before the eyes of the credulous and superstitious as having mysterious power to heal both the body and spirit. Forgiveness of sins and the salvation of the soul were conditioned on penance, on all sorts of physical humiliations and inflictions, while spiritual life and true simple piety seemed to have forsaken the Church. The most significant picture in Luther's short stay in Rome, and one that presents to our thought another of those nerve-centers of the Reformation, is his ascent of Pilate's Stairs.

Here, tradition says, Luther was ascending the stairs on his bare knees, hoping thereby to please God and find that peace for which he had long been praying. While in this exercise there came to him, like a flash of light, those words which he had read in the Bible up in Germany: "The just shall live *by faith*."// Not by penance, not by physical sufferings, not by torture, not by superstitious rites and ceremonies, not by the deeds of the law, not by works, but "the just shall live by faith." He sprang to his feet, hurried from the place, and soon left Rome, saying: "If there be a hell, Rome is built on top of it." He returned to Germany with new notions of Rome, and with a new idea of salvation. That idea which came to him from the Spirit of God on Pilate's Stairs, or elsewhere, "The just shall live by faith," became the battle-cry of the Reformation. It was the idea which smote the Goliath of papacy in the forehead, the doctrine which gave birth to Protestantism, the truth which makes the Church mighty to-day, and the preaching of which is the salvation of the people. It is the central truth of every evangelical denomination at this hour. That doctrine, united with the other that "the Bible is the sole authority in belief and conduct," has preserved to mankind the results of the Ref-

ormation, and has been the fountain of that light which has streamed forth in civilizing beauty and power upon the Protestant nations of the earth.

It was the fall of 1519, October, that another scene was enacted in this divine drama of the Reformation and in the providential life of Luther. Papacy was bankrupt. The extravagance at Rome, the fabulous expenditures of money in the material aggrandizement of the Holy City, the rebuilding of St. Peter's Cathedral and the pride and profligacy of the papal court made it necessary for the pope to send agents throughout Europe to collect money from the people. It will be admitted that the people and their sovereigns were growing weary of the demands of Rome. There had long been developing a spirit of protest and rebellion against an almost bankrupting support of Roman extravagance. The people were being impoverished to support a profligate papacy. Leo X had imbibed the spirit of the Renaissance, and took pride in the material aggrandizement of Rome. He was devoted to art and letters, but was wholly destitute of the spirit of religion. He was a Medici, proud, worldly, extravagant, and profligate. He did not scruple to devote money contributed for religious purposes to the gratification of his own

pride, lust, and ambition. It may have been providential that one so indifferent to the doctrinal controversies, and entirely lacking in zeal for ecclesiastical and religious affairs, was in the pontifical chair when Luther began his work. No doubt Leo X contributed to the promotion of the Reformation by his indifference to religious conditions and his ambitious extravagances in the material aggrandizement of his reign. To replenish his depleted treasury Leo sent forth his agents to offer indulgences to the people at a price. It was a most bountiful source of revenue. For so much money the pope's agents declared the people's sins would be forgiven. Even their future sins might be forgiven for a proper consideration; nay, even the souls of their departed friends might be bought out of purgatory for a price. One of these agents, Tetzel, entered Wittenberg, where Luther was teaching the pure doctrines of Augustine. Tetzel spread forth his relics, opened his indulgence box, called upon the people to purchase pardon for themselves and for their departed friends for cash. The matter came to the ears of Luther. With holy indignation he denounced the whole fraud, wrote out ninety-five propositions antagonizing the doctrines of penance and indulgences, and teaching the true

way of salvation, by heart repentance and faith in Christ. These theses he posted on the door of the church of Wittenberg. The next morning the town was in an uproar. A revolution was on. In a fortnight, says D'Aubigné, those ninety-five propositions were known all over Germany. In a month they were read in Rome and in every part of Christendom. From that hour Luther's pen was busy. The tradition goes, that at one time, when tempted by the devil, he hurled his inkstand at his head, and struck the wall, where the stain of the ink may be seen to this day. Certain it is, that Luther began to hurl some mighty logical and eloquent ink at the head of both the devil and the papacy, and proved, as was never so grandly proved before, that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Be it remembered that Luther would not sanction the drawing of the sword to promote the Reformation. This was to be a conflict of ideas, not of swords; and the pen, more than the sword, must have credit for the glorious victories achieved for truth and humanity in that Reformation. The pope commanded Luther's writings to be burnt; he excommunicated the heretic; he demanded that he be sent to Rome, and all the world knew that meant to the stake. But

there was a Germany back of Luther, and a German sense of fair play, a German mistrust of the honor of the papal powers at Rome, a German knowledge of what had become of Huss and Savonarola. Luther was not sent to Rome.

There was a combination of favorable or providential circumstances to help on the initiation of the Reformation. Not only was it fortunate that Leo X was not a religious bigot and enthusiast, but rather a worldling engrossed in art and letters, but it is also fortunate that during the interregnum after the death of Emperor Maximilian, the Elector of Saxony was in sympathy with Luther. Then there were many political questions of importance besides the Turkish problem engaging the serious attention of the most bigoted Catholic sovereigns, and demanding the consideration of the Roman power. With this state of affairs the reformative ideas had an opportunity to work on for some time without serious opposition. When Luther was summoned to Rome, the Elector of Saxony interposed in his behalf, and secured the consent of the pope to let the "heretic" be examined by proper agents in Germany. The examinations and disputes did not result in Luther's submission. In 1520 he was excommunicated. He tossed the bull

of excommunication into the bonfire, and thus defied the boasted temporal and spiritual power of Rome. That bonfire united its flames with those that had kindled about Huss and Savonarola, to light up Europe with the prophecy of the coming age of reason.

When Charles V, of Spanish education, assumed the German crown, he threw his influence against the Reformation, but not without regard for that sturdy German sentiment which did not propose to have Luther destroyed. He summoned the reformer to appear before the German Diet, the Elector, as we have noticed, having secured for Luther a German hearing, instead of an examination at Rome. Without a tremor of fear, this man Luther, who had already hurled the pope's edicts into the flames, prepared to stand alone before the august body of temporal and spiritual rulers at Worms. He was warned not to go to Worms, because the city was filled with his enemies, and his life would be in danger. He vowed that, if there were as many devils in Worms as tiles on the roofs, he would enter. And there he did appear, after long prayer and spiritual preparation. He was commanded to recant. He boldly acknowledged his writings, and as bravely refused to take back what he had writ-

ten. He delivered his defense in German, then repeated it in Latin; and, while that Imperial Diet listened, breathless and spell-bound, he closed with these memorable words: "Unless I am convinced by the testimony of Scripture, I can not and will not retract. Here I stand; I can do no more. God help me! Amen!" That has justly been called, by Froude and by Carlyle, the grandest scene in human history. It was virtually the climax of the Reformation. From that moment, people, princes, warriors of historic battle-fields, were ready to defend Luther and the cause he championed. It was the cause of German liberty and German greatness. From that hour the Reformation swept on. It had already, and it now more positively, reached beyond Germany, so that France, Holland, Switzerland, England, and Scotland were moved and inspired with the new progressive life, while such men came forward to champion the Reformation as Melanchthon, Zwingli, Œcolampadius, Farel, Calvin, Tyndale, Cranmer, and Knox.

Philip Melanchthon was the right hand of Martin Luther in his providential work. In temperament he was quite the opposite of his impetuous and vehement leader. His tastes were more scholastic; his inclination was to thought



PHILIP MELANCHTHON.

rather than action. He attracted the attention of the learned world by his lectures on Homer, Virgil, and Terence, and became the professor of Greek in the University of Wittenberg. Luther depended largely on the superior classical scholarship of Melanchthon in his translation of the Bible. Doubtless the more gentle and conciliatory spirit of the professor had much to do with tempering the fires of Luther's enthusiasm, and saving the Reformation from extravagances which threatened to destroy its progressive influence. His learning, moreover, added intellectual dignity to the movement, and infused into the Reformation the spirit of the Renaissance. Melanchthon was perhaps as indisputably the author of the first Protestant Confession of Faith, the Augsburg Confession, as Thomas Jefferson was the author of the Declaration of Independence. His learning, his elegant literary style, his controversial powers, and his deep piety fitted him in a pre-eminent degree to complement the genius and the work of Luther.

In Switzerland the Reformation was led on by Ulrich Zwingli, a preacher of learning and eloquence. As Luther condemned Tetzels and the selling of indulgences in Germany, Zwingli, with equal vigor, denounced Samson and the in-

dulgences in Switzerland. In many respects the Swiss reformer found a kindred spirit in the great German leader, and did what he could to spread the writings of Luther among his own countrymen. On the doctrine of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper the German and Swiss reformers were drawn into a bitter and disrupting controversy. Zwingli could not agree with Luther's "consubstantiation" view, but took a more rational position, approaching that which came to be held by the great Protestant body. Luther's spirit in this sad controversy added little to his reputation as a liberal-minded and progressive reformer. Zwingli, like Luther, was tried for heresy, but with little harm to himself and less glory to Rome. This dauntless hero was as patriotic as he was pious, and died on the field of battle, nobly contending for the religious independence of Zurich, which involved the most precious principles of civil and religious liberty.

John Œcolampadius was the coadjutor of Zwingli in Switzerland, and held about the same relation to the latter that Melanchthon sustained to Luther. His tastes and disposition were not unlike those of Melanchthon. He loved study, and became profound in the knowledge of the

Greek and Hebrew. The teachings of Luther commanded his attention, and finally his hearty support, although in the sacramental controversy he took issue with Luther and Melancthon, and agreed more nearly with Zwingli. He assisted Erasmus in the preparation of his commentary on the New Testament, filled with distinction the chair of Biblical learning in the University of Basle, and, by his lectures, sermons, and controversial writings, became one of the most influential reformers of the age.

William Farel was born in France, of a noble family. He received a liberal education, and entered the reform movement with abounding zeal. He became the flaming evangelist of the new awakening both in France and Switzerland. Though a man of physical meanness amounting almost to ugliness, he possessed oratorical and argumentative powers of no common order. His zeal, however, often overstepped the bounds of discretion, while the vehement intolerance of his manner frequently weakened the force and influence of his argument. He went from city to city as a torch-bearer, often as a firebrand of the Reformation. The masses were deeply moved by his vigorous and eloquent harangues, and even the more thoughtful and

learned found it difficult to resist the spell with which his impetuous spirit and glowing eloquence seemed to hold them captive. Though often provoked to anger and resistance by the reformer's scathing denunciations of the priesthood and the papacy, the people could not but be aroused to intense thought and inquiry, which resulted in the rapid spread of the new ideas.

Hardly less potential in that age than the great German, Luther himself, was the great Frenchman, John Calvin. This remarkable man, though lacking the courage and genius for leadership, which constituted Luther's greatness, was the acknowledged head and front of the Reformation in France. Farel, more than any other man, influenced Calvin to enlist in the new movement. The bigotry of the Sorbonne made Paris unsafe for Calvin, and, in spite of the friendliness of the Queen of Navarre, he was compelled to flee to Basle, where he met such reformers as Farel, Bucer, and Œcolampadius. At Basle, and finally at Geneva, Calvin advanced to the front, and wielded an influence which spread over Europe and "changed the face of history." He was first to give Protestantism a systematic theology; his "Institutes" mark an



JOHN CALVIN.

epoch in the history of Christian dogmatics. His powerful pen made Geneva the center of the new school of theology, which has ever since borne the name of Calvinism.

Without condoning his unprotestant and unchristian treatment of Servetus, or justifying his imperious, inquisitorial spirit, or subscribing to his now almost obsolete peculiarities of doctrine, we must recognize Calvin as first in influence among those who took up the work of the original Reformers.

The dauntless and fiery John Knox championed the Reformation in Scotland. Though wanting in organizing genius, in literary taste, and in theological originality, he nevertheless wielded great power from the pulpit, and preached sermons which made thrones tremble. Like Farel in Switzerland, he accomplished more by preaching than by writing. The work of his pen, while potent at the time, was but ephemeral, having no such literary and theological permanency as the writings of Calvin or Luther. Nevertheless, Carlyle's estimate will remain unchallenged by all who study those heroic times: "The Scotch national character originated in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond

all else except that, in the Presbyterian gospel of John Knox."

With Luther and Melanchthon in Germany, Zwingli, Œcolampadius, Farel, and Calvin in Switzerland, and Knox in Scotland, England was moving grandly forward under the influence of Cranmer, Tyndale, Coverdale, Ridley, and Latimer, all of whom, excepting Coverdale, suffered death for the cause.

There had gone one man before them—John Wyclif, "the morning-star of the Reformation." He died one hundred years before Luther was born, and, like Savonarola in Italy and Huss in Bohemia, did a preparatory work which made possible the Reformation of the sixteenth century.

While on many of the minor questions involved in those Reformation controversies, the various countries engaged in the general movement and the great leaders could not always agree, nevertheless one high and mighty purpose actuated all alike—the purpose to break the ecclesiastical thralldom of Rome, and restore to the people and the nations a simple, Scriptural, and uncorrupted Christianity. If neither the Swiss nor the English reformers could accept without some serious modifications all the dogmatic de-

liverances of Luther, and if the German reformer, in his doctrinal controversies, lost patience and temper in his treatment of his more liberal and independent coadjutors, there was, notwithstanding, more agreement than difference; and, in spite of differences, the one, central, divine thought which united them conquered gloriously, and Europe was free.

The Reformation had more than a religious significance. The intellectual and political world, down to this hour, are indebted to Luther and his coadjutors for liberty of thought, revival of literature and science, and the widespread sentiment and laws of freedom by which the foremost nations of Christendom are governed. The fountain-head of the noble streams of modern literature was Luther's translation of the Bible. It created a literary German. The language from that time ceased to be a medley of dialects, and became one vigorous, universal tongue. That unifying of the German language meant the national unity of the German peoples. Luther's translation of the Bible, begun while the reformer was providentially secreted a prisoner in the Castle of Wartburg, became the source of modern German greatness in morals, literature, and arms.

If we go to England, and study the influence of Tyndale's and Cranmer's translations of the Scriptures, we may say almost as much of them as has been said of Luther's Bible. Giving Wyclif and Chaucer all the credit that is their due, we can not fail to notice that English literature revived and came to its highest perfection under the influence of these new translations of the Word of God. To these, as much as to any other influence, is due the Elizabethan strength and purity of the English language, which made possible the beauty of Shakespeare's song and the matchless grace and vigor of King James's version of the Bible.

The influence which the Reformation exerted on literature, manners, science, art, and government may be traced in the progressive development of the nations which have welcomed the movement. Those nations lead the world in civilization to-day, and they command the future.

Step by step, the power of Rome was broken, and the nations advanced to a new freedom, to a new religious and intellectual life. Out of the Reformation rose Protestantism, which held as a precious jewel the simple, Scriptural, and rational faith once delivered to the saints. It is the Christian religion in its purity, stripped of

those errors and superstitions which attached themselves to the Church during the Dark Ages.

The Reformation's appeal was to the Scriptures, and, logically, Protestantism came to stand for a Scriptural Christianity. Having shaken off the yoke of papal authority and dictation, she enjoys and teaches that freedom of thought and right of individual judgment which acknowledge no limitations or restraints except those which truth itself prescribes. Her creed is unincumbered by those vain traditions and irrational superstitions which fastened themselves upon the Church of the Dark Ages and rendered it one of the most stubborn obstacles to the progress of the simple, rational, and Scriptural religion of Jesus Christ. It is one of the mysteries of human credulity how the errors originating in the very darkness of the Dark Ages have survived so many centuries, and are but slowly disappearing, even in the light of this liberal and thoughtful age. It seems incredible that there are still to be found thousands who are ignorant and superstitious enough to believe in the existence and in the healing virtues of such so-called sacred relics as portions of the cross on which the Savior was crucified, thorns from the crown which was plaited for his brow,

and even the seamless robe for which the soldiers gambled beneath the cross! Just as incredible does it seem that any rational beings can still accept the doctrines of transubstantiation, of the immaculate conception, prayers to saints, prayers for the dead, papal infallibility, and purgatory, and to hold as Scriptural, or even rational, such institutions as indulgences, the confessional, the nunnery, the order of priesthood, and the office and authority of vicegerent of Jesus Christ, supreme pontiff, pope. Against this entire catalogue of irrational, unscriptural, and demoralizing errors, our rational and Scriptural Protestantism takes its invincible stand. In denying these absurdities, and in setting forth the pure doctrine of Jesus Christ, unadulterated with the idle traditions invented by ignorance and superstition, Protestantism has made its wonderful progress and achieved its splendid triumphs. For the religious progress of the world during the last four hundred years, nearly, the credit is due to the Reformation and the Protestantism which embodied the Reformation spirit.

In the very position which Protestantism assumed at its origin there was the prophecy of its attitude on every important religious question of the future. As in the sixteenth century it re-

pudiated the authority of mere traditions, so in this nineteenth century it is pledged by all its glorious past to submit every doctrinal question to a Scriptural test, and every question of Biblical interpretation to a scientific and historical method of investigation. It was a disregard for and violation of these principles that plunged the Church into the doctrinal and ecclesiastical errors which made the Reformation necessary and inevitable. Only by a strict regard for these methods in the interpretation of the Bible, in the formulation of creeds, and in the propagation of doctrines, will Protestantism be able to hold and advance in the evangelization of the world with the simple and saving truths of the gospel.

Protestantism in its very genius stands for another great principle; viz., the political independence of the Church and the ecclesiastical independence of the State. This may not have been in the minds of the original reformers, but it was in the very genius of the Reformation. They sowed for a wider, richer harvest than they knew, those first brave planters of freedom's heavenly seed. German Protestantism and English Protestantism insisted as stoutly upon the union of the Church and State as did ever Romanism. But there was to come a great liberal-

izing of sociology ; political government was to grow into a nobler freedom ; the rights of man were to find a more generous and righteous recognition ; the world was to demonstrate the practicability of democracy, and assert the divine right of the people in self-government. The Protestant form of Christianity alone was adapted to humanity for the experience of such a development in the enjoyment of freedom. Free or self-government alone was adapted to the highest possible development of Protestant Christianity in the experience and life of man. The most benign influence of Christianity must come to the State through a free Church, and the most benign influence of free government must come to the people and to the Church through the non-ecclesiastical administration of, and a non-ecclesiastical interference with, the administration of that government. For these reasons, Protestantism seems singularly well fitted for our American civilization, and our free political institutions seem to favor the growth of this simple and sincere form of Christianity. Protestantism has been so intimately associated with the development of freedom, science, and liberal education that all these related and kindred elements of our best modern civilization would seem to have

been born at the same time. There can be no true philosophy of modern history which does not find the common origin of freedom, science, common-school education, and Protestantism in the Reformation. The old religious system, against which the advanced thought and conscience of the sixteenth century were a protest, has been the enemy of freedom, science, and popular education. Romanism, as an ecclesiastical institution, is monarchical, and hence inimical to political freedom. With the pope assuming the old Roman imperial title of "Pontifex Maximus," cardinals dubbed "princes," and bishops "lords," the Roman Catholic hierarchy becomes a political establishment of the strictest monarchical, if not oligarchal, type; and any political government which submits to its authority, acknowledging its temporal power, can be no more than an "imperium in imperio," whether it claims to be a democracy, a republic, or a monarchy. The very destiny of democracy depended upon the issue of the Reformation. The possibility of republican self-government lay in the triumph of that mighty protest. Without the Reformation and a Protestantism, there had been no such free government as the United States of America.

Science is the eternal foe of superstition. In its white light error and imposition must sooner or later be exposed. How, then, can Dark-Age errors long survive the universal spread of science? How can they maintain their hold upon the popular mind against the criticism and the very laughter of scientifically enlightened reason? It is noticeable that where science is most fully developed and most universally diffused among the people, there theological absurdities are least successfully propagated. They flourish only where the people are still deprived of the light of science. Marble statues of the Virgin do not weep in America, nor do splinters of the true cross heal. It is repugnant to an American's sense of manly freedom to kiss the foot of Peter, while it is becoming more and more a problem with Romanism as to how it shall succeed in driving a high-minded, independent American citizen into the confessional, to surrender his very conscience, judgment, reason, and manhood to a priest. Protestantism stands for an independent manhood, for free conscience and the right of personal judgment, for the authority of the Scriptures, the enlightenment of science, the power of knowledge, and the supremacy of the people.

Education, in the highest sense, is a Protestant idea. It insists upon the enlightenment of the masses. It claims that mankind has a right to all truth, and it argues that a religion which will not survive the universal and liberal education of the people is false. If the stars are against our creeds, so much the worse for our creeds. That is the truth-loving attitude of Protestantism. It asks, not that a priest shall stand at the door of the human mind to exclude every truth of science, government, sociology, history, or religion which may conflict with a superstition or a vain tradition of the Church, but it confidently holds that all truths are in harmony, and as the truths of science can not conflict with the truths of religion, there can no danger come to a man's spiritual life by a full and universal knowledge of all truths. "Let there be light!" is the glorious cry of enlightened Protestantism, which courts rather than shuns the scrutiny of science and reason. "Let there be light!" exclaims a Scriptural Protestantism, which believes in the highest possible education of the masses. "Let there be light!" commands a progressive rational Protestantism, which has planted the common schools of Germany, England, and

America, and has established the most liberal, thorough, and extensive colleges and universities, which diffuse knowledge and learning into the civilization of this nineteenth century. There is no question in honest, thoughtful minds that Protestantism is the friend and guardian of the public-school system, whether in Germany, England, Canada, Australia, or the United States. Nor is there any question that Protestant universities offer the most liberal, thorough, and scientific education of any universities in the world. Furthermore, the most reliable statistics prove that Protestant Christian countries invariably have a lower percentage of illiteracy than any other countries, whatever faith may predominate. Protestantism has changed the educational methods of the civilized world, and substituted science, history, and political ethics for the rhetoric, theology, and metaphysics of the old scholasticism. Thus Protestant Christianity is pledged in its genius and in its history to the defense and advancement of universal freedom, universal knowledge, and universal righteousness.

The richest, most benign results of the Reformation are developing in this age. As the future belongs to universal knowledge and to

law-protected liberty, so does it belong to a science-loving, liberty-loving, Scriptural Christianity. The Reformation solved the destinies of nations, and shaped the course of all future histories. The ages, as they come and pass, will to the end of time be grateful debtors to the sixteenth century, to the great events and mighty men of that providential epoch of the Reformation.



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

III.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

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THE fifteenth century was the gateway through which Europe exultingly passed from the gloomy age of superstition to the golden age of reason. It was splendid with important events and with history-making men. New life and impulse came to every department of human thought and enterprise. A study of the Renaissance is generally confined to a consideration of the revival of letters or of art; but in a more general survey it will appear that the epoch was characterized by a universal quickening of humanity, by a revival of intellect, and of every element in civilization that finds its life and progressive impulse in enlightened thought and genius. Hence art, science, literature, invention, religion, commerce, navigation, exploration, and discovery made glorious an age, in comparison with which the age of Augustus, Pericles, or of Solomon is historically insignificant.

The century stretching from 1425 to 1525 was adorned by many of the greatest men of

modern times. It may be doubted whether any other one century of the Christian era, except the first, has crowded upon its stage of important historic action a greater number of first-order geniuses, or a greater number of men whose individual and combined power will be felt by humanity forever.

Christopher Columbus was born, we know not exactly when, but doubtless between 1435 and 1445. Authorities differ on the subject, and even dated documents are confusing to the patient investigators. Enough to know, Columbus was a child of the Renaissance, and he embodied in his adventurous character its progressive spirit.

He stood high-browed among the tallest men of modern years, that haughty-eyed, fair-haired Genoese. He lived in that bright morning-time which saw a race of geniuses spring forth to rescue science, art, and letters from their long Dark-Age imprisonment, and to prophesy anew the larger liberties of men. Columbus might have gazed with Copernicus into the heavenly mysteries and splendors, or listened to the epic-song of Ariosto; he might have heard the stormy eloquence of Savonarola, watched the chisel-strokes of Angelo, or seen the magic

pencil of the divine Raphael paint the sweet immortality of his Madonnas; he might have learned from Gutenberg's own lips how his great brain achieved the printing-press, or have seen Caxton give England its first printed book; he might have smiled at the subtle wit and cutting satire of Erasmus, or have bowed in reverence to hear the celestial language of á Kempis; he might have looked into the eyes of a Luther or Sir Thomas More, and held converse with Vasco da Gama and Cabot, with Cortez, Pizarro, and Ponce de Leon. There were giants in those days. And in their midst stood Columbus, if not so universal a genius as Angelo, nor so profound and philosophical a scholar as Erasmus, nor so zealous a religionist as Luther, yet above them all he towered as the greatest history-making personality of the age—the man whose high and glorious destiny it was to open a new world to human enterprise and a new era to civilization.

A glance at the leading European nations at the time when the intellectual revival reaches them, will discover that in each nation it represents a distinct and characteristic phase.

In Italy thought turns to art, in Germany to religion, in England to literature, in Spain to

exploration and discovery. In Italy the question is: "What new painting?" In Germany: "What new theology?" In England: "What new poem?" In Spain: "What new land?" As a result, the very youth of a country became imbued with an ambition to excel in that which was most enthusiastically applauded in their native land. More than this, each city had its own phase of intellectual awakening, and the boys caught the spirit, not only of their age, but of their city. The youth of Florence and Rome had the art ambition; but the youth of Venice, Genoa, Palos, and Barcelona were eager to roam the seas, or travel through new lands, and emulate the adventurous Marco Polo.

Columbus was born in Genoa, or in its vicinity. The reduced circumstances of his father, an obscure wool-comber, necessitated his leaving school at an early age, though tradition places him for a short time in the University of Pavia. From childhood he manifested a remarkable genius for mathematics, became an expert penman and draughtsman, and devoted himself to making maps. He came endowed with as extraordinary a genius for everything pertaining to navigation and exploration as Shakespeare had for poetry, Mozart for music, or

Angelo for art. On leaving school he took to sea, and for ten years or more endured the hardships and discipline of a common sailor. At about the age of thirty he appeared in Portugal, and later in Spain, ambitious to sail the seas on a higher mission than that of war or piracy, in which, it is claimed, he had been engaged. Though Columbus was born in Italy and in the maritime city of Genoa, he found that in Genoa, and even in Venice, the spirit of adventure and discovery was tame in comparison with the enthusiasm that filled Spain and Portugal. While Italy was attracting from all nations those who would be artists, Spain and Portugal had a magnetic attraction for those of other lands who would be adventurers, navigators, and explorers. It is not a little remarkable that while the greatest explorers and discoverers of that age were Italians, they gave their services to other countries. Vespuccius gave his services to Portugal, Cabot discovered North America for England, Verrazzano was in the service of Francis I of France, Columbus offered his service to John of Portugal, and then to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain.

It would seem from a letter quoted by his own son Ferdinand that he took to the sea at four-

teen years of age, which, if true, would preclude the possibility of the Pavia University training. In the year 1501 he wrote to their Catholic majesties: "It is now forty years that I have been sailing to all those parts at present frequented." From this statement it may be deduced that he was born about 1446-7. Nevertheless there are other documentary evidences which argue an earlier birth by some years. The essential thing is that from earliest youth this Columbus was training himself, or was being trained, as it would seem providentially, for the grand enterprise which brought glory to his name and unmeasured blessing to mankind.

The fifteenth century finds the progressive portion of civilized humanity crowding its way to the western limits of Europe, to the shores of the dark, mysterious, unknown Atlantic. Berkeley had his eye on history and on the movements of races and the readjustments of geographical limits from remote times when he wrote:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

Civilized humanity a thousand years before Christ populated the banks of the Euphrates; in

the time of Christ it was gathered along the eastern and northern shores of the Mediterranean; at the end of the Dark Ages it was found crowding toward the Atlantic. There, in the time of Columbus, we find the progressive spirit standing tiptoe on the shores of Spain, Portugal, England, Wales, Ireland, Scotland, and Scandinavia, peering with an almost prophetic vision towards those burning sunsets which seemed like the glorified portals of some new and wonderful world. For three thousand historic years Providence had been pushing humanity toward that "continent of the future" which was long the dream of the prophet and inspiration of the poet, but was destined to become the boast and pride of history's noblest patriot.

A new world was a necessity. The ambition of man required it; the expansion of the race needed it; the growth of commerce called for it; the awakening of new thought and genius demanded it; the progress of freedom and the development of science insisted upon it; the advancing sweep and sway of Christian ideas necessitated a new world. Never before in the history of the race had there been so imperative a demand. We do not speak of the

ambition of an Alexander or of a Cæsar, which sighed for new worlds to conquer, but of the legitimate needs of a growing, advancing humanity. Never before in the history of science, industry, liberty, and religion had there been such an imperative moral and intellectual demand for a great, new, virgin world. The salvation of the race seemed to depend upon its discovery. There had been a self-destruction of race and nationalities; there had been universal bankruptcy; there had been a stagnation of civilization; there had been a repetition of the Dark Ages, without the discovery of a new world. The old world was indeed old; in many cases its very soils were worn out, its resources exhausted, and its peoples beggared. There proved also to be in the hearts of men a willingness and eagerness to seek the wider field and greater opportunity. Moreover, conscience, reason, and conviction, the manhood of the race, were becoming restless under the yoke of political and theological despotism. Democracy was in the air, whether men called it by that name or not. Liberty, political and religious liberty, was instilling itself into the hearts of the people and insisting upon an exodus out of the Egypt of the old into the Caanan of a new order of things,

which new order of things called for a new world.

There were hints coming to the scientific and adventurous to the effect that other worlds existed. They had come down from the ancients. Scholars thought they found more than fiction in Plato's Atlantis; and Solon seemed to entertain notions of other worlds, which he had learned from the Egyptians.

In the "Timæus" of Plato we have the following narrative from Critias, told to Socrates:

"Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your State in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valor; for these histories tell of a mighty power which, unprovoked, made an expedition against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end. This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean; for in those days the Atlantic was navigable, and there was an island situated in front of the straits which are by you called the Pillars of Hercules; the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from those you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent, which surrounded the true ocean; for this sea, which is within the straits of Hercules,

is only a harbor, having a narrow entrance; but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a boundless continent. Now, in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire, which had rule over the whole island and several others, and over parts of the continent; and, furthermore, the men of Atlantis had subjected the parts of Libya within the columns of Hercules as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. This vast power, gathered into one, endeavored to subdue at a blow our country and yours, and the whole of the region within the straits; and then your country shone forth in the excellence of her virtue and strength among all mankind. She was pre-eminent in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders, and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjugated, and generously liberated all the rest of us who dwell within the Pillars. But afterward there occurred violent earthquakes and floods, and in a single day and night of misfortune all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth,

and the Island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared in the depths of the sea. For which reason the sea in those parts is impassable and impenetrable, because there is a shoal of mud in the way; and this was caused by the subsidence of the island. I have told you briefly, Socrates, what the aged Critias heard from Solon and related to us."

Professor Jowett, from whose translation this story is extracted, admits that this "may have contributed indirectly to the discovery of America."

According to Strabo, the geographer of the Augustan Age, Eratosthenes argued that if the earth was spheroidal, it was inhabited in all parts. There could be very little, if any doubt as to the meaning of Seneca, who wrote fifteen centuries before the time of Columbus:

"In after years shall ages come
When the ocean shall unloose the bands
Of things, and show vast, ample lands;
New worlds by seamen shall be found,
Nor Thule be the utmost bound."

Lord Bacon called this a prophecy of the discovery of America. The songs of the early Italian poets contain thought visions of new worlds. Petrarch, writing there one hundred and fifty

years before Columbus sailed into the West, sang of

“The daylight hastening with winged steps
Perchance to gladden the expectant eyes
Of far-off nations in a world remote.”

Pulci, a favorite with Lorenzo de' Medici, and one of the most brilliant minds that adorned the Renaissance, wrote, even before the wondrous dream had charmed the imagination of Columbus, in strains like these:

“Men shall descry another hemisphere,
Since to one common center all things tend;
So earth, by curious mystery divine
Well balanced, hangs amid the starry spheres.
At our Antipodes are cities, States,
And thronged empires, ne'er divined of yore.
But, see, the sun speeds on his western path
To glad the nations with expected light.”

It would seem from the statements of Ferdinand Columbus, that his father had carefully studied the theories of Ptolemy, Marcius, Strabo, Pliny, Seneca, and Aristotle, while undoubtedly, in an age of Platonic revival, he must have been as familiar with the story of Atlantis, as with the verses of Pulci and of Petrarch. But doubtless the cosmographer and explorer had greater influence in stimulating the spirit of discovery, than the poet and philosopher. Two great

thoughts had taken possession of the most advanced minds; namely, "India," and "the possibility of reaching it by sailing west." Marco Polo, two centuries before, had traveled through India and China, and had brought back such material evidences and such glowing descriptions of Eastern wealth and splendor, that Europe was amazed and filled with ambition to open up commercial communication with lands opulent in spices, pearls, and gold. The wonderful stories of Marco Polo were discussed by the learned, and told with added embellishments at the humblest firesides.

The great traveler had described Lochac, Karazen, Thebeth, Ripangu, and Java, where "gold is abundant to a degree scarcely credible;" where "in the river is found gold-dust in very large quantities;" where "gold is found in the rivers in small particles and in lumps, and there are veins of it in the mountains;" where "they have gold in greatest abundance, its source being inexhaustible;" where "it is impossible to estimate the value of the gold and other articles found;" and where "the quantity of gold collected exceeds all calculations and belief." With the same extravagance Marco Polo had told of countries where "are found abundance of pearls; so

great indeed is the quantity, that if his majesty permitted every individual to search for them, their value would become trifling;" where "are pearls in large quantities of a pink color, round in shape, and of great size;" where "in the mountains diamonds are found. During the rainy season the water descends in violent torrents amongst the rocks and caverns, and when these have subsided, the people go to search for diamonds in the beds of the rivers, where they find many." The famous traveler further described countries where "more beautiful and valuable rubies are found than in any other part of the world, and likewise sapphires, topazes, amethysts, garnets, and many other precious and costly stones. The king is reported to possess the grandest ruby that ever was seen, being a span in length, and the thickness of a man's arm, brilliant beyond description, and without a single flaw. It has the appearance of a glowing fire, and upon the whole is so valuable that no estimation can be made of its worth in money;" where "the sovereign's palace is of extraordinary richness. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover our houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious

metal; many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold considerably thick, and the windows have golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace, that it is impossible to convey an idea of them."

The youth of that age fed on these marvelous descriptions of Oriental glory until their imaginations were inflamed. Columbus was inspired by the oft-recited adventures of Marco Polo, as was Vasco da Gama later on. And now, as Polo had found this rich and golden country, and the Portuguese were contemplating seeking it anew by way of Good Hope, Columbus, in his splendid ambition, would find India by sailing west. With him the two great thoughts were, "India" and "the sphericity of the earth." The "golden land" was never absent from his waking thoughts, nor from his pleasant dreams. That the earth was round, to his mind, was scientifically settled, and that the circumnavigation of the globe was possible, he did not question. Hence India could be reached by sailing west, and more quickly, he imagined, than overland, or by way of Good Hope.

Columbus is not to be credited with originality in his glowing notions of India, nor in his belief in the sphericity of the earth, nor in his con-

viction that India could be reached by sailing west. The glories of India had come from the imagination of Marco Polo. The doctrine that the earth was round had come from the philosophy of many. It may be traced back to Pliny and Strabo; back to Crates, Hipparchus, and Eratosthenes; back to Aristotle and Plato; yes, back to the beginning of science and philosophy.

Pliny, born 23 A. D., says of the earth: "Every one agrees that it has the most perfect figure. We always speak of the ball of the earth, and we admit it to be a globe bounded by the poles. It has not, indeed, the form of an absolute sphere from the number of lofty mountains and flat plains; but, if the termination of the lines be bounded by a curve, this would compose a perfect sphere."

Strabo, born about 62 B. C., writes: "We have now been tracing upon a spherical surface the region which we state to be occupied by the habitable earth, and whoever would represent the real earth as near as possible by artificial means, should make a globe like that of Crates, and upon this describe the quadrilateral within which his chart of geography is to be placed." Eratosthenes lived about 275 B. C., and was the first to give a scientific estimate of the earth's

dimensions. Strabo says: "Eratosthenes goes into a description of the figure of the earth. He proceeds to tell us that the earth is spherical," etc.

Plato, born 427 B. C., puts these words into a discussion in his "Phædo:" "My conviction is, that the earth is a round body in the center of the heavens." In "Timæus" he says: "And he [the Creator] gave to the world the figure which was suitable and also natural. . . . Wherefore he made the world in the form of a globe, round as from a lathe, having its extremes in every direction equidistant from the center."

But we shall have to seek a more remote origin for the theory of the earth's sphericity. The Pythagoreans, a century before Plato's time, if not the Phœnician geographers and Egyptian astronomers antedating Moses, had mathematical reasons for believing the earth was spherical in figure. Whatever may have been the vulgar notion of the ignorant people and bigoted priests, the scholarship of the world had not lost faith in that doctrine from the days of the first mathematicians to the days of Columbus.

Even the circumnavigation of the globe had been attempted long before. Strabo writes: "Those who have returned from an attempt to

circumnavigate the earth, do not say they have been prevented from continuing their voyage by any opposing continent—for the sea remained perfectly open—but through want of resolution and the scarcity of provision.” Again Strabo says: “If the extent of the Atlantic Ocean were not an obstacle, we might easily pass from Iberia to India.” As to whether there were other habitable portions of the earth, the same author says: “It is quite possible that in the temperate zone there may be two, or even more, habitable earths, especially near the circle of latitude which is drawn through Athens and the Atlantic Ocean.” But even more clearly does the ancient geographer express himself when he writes: “It belongs to another science to give an exact description of the whole earth, and of the vertebra of either zone, and as to whether the vertebra in the opposite quarter of the earth is inhabitable. That such is the case is most probable, yet not that it is inhabited by the same race of men that dwell with us. And it must therefore be regarded as another habitable earth.”

The revival of letters brought from their long obscurity these theories of the ancient geog-

raphers, with which Columbus became familiar and by which he was inspired.

At this time no science was developing more rapidly than cosmography, the science of the description of the world. Toscanelli, of Florence, was at the head of this important branch of science, and, knowing nothing of a continent intervening between Western Europe and Eastern Asia, he prepared a map, representing a spherical earth with China, India, and the Islands, and other countries described by Marco Polo, lying west of Europe at a distance of about three thousand miles. Little did he dream that at just about that distance existed a new world, and that India was three times as far away. While the sphericity of the earth was believed in, its size was greatly underestimated, hence Toscanelli's supposition that India was but three thousand miles west. Influenced very largely by the map and by personal conference with Toscanelli, Columbus determined to seek India by a western route. It is also claimed that while visiting Scandinavia and Iceland, Columbus obtained some knowledge of Icelandic sagas which contained vague intimations that a country far off to the southwest of Iceland, called Winland

or Vinland, had been discovered by the Northmen, centuries before. There seems to be authentic evidence that Columbus visited Iceland about the year 1477. In Ferdinand's biography of his father this memorandum is quoted: "In February, 1477, I sailed one hundred leagues beyond Thule, Iceland."

He was then full of his project, and doubtless made inquiries of the people who were in communication with the Greenlanders still farther west as to the history of any earlier westward explorations. It can not be supposed that the old tradition of Lief Ericson's discovery of Vinland was still fresh in the common Icelandic mind; it was doubtless buried in the old and musty manuscripts, and forgotten by the people, if it had ever been one of the popular traditions. Recent investigations have brought this old tradition into considerable prominence and given it the semblance of historic credibility.

It is very evident that Columbus sought and made use of all the information obtainable, and that he ran down every report, tradition, theory, even myth, that promised to give him light and encouragement.

Herrera, the Spanish historian, tells us "many things concurred to encourage Columbus to that

mighty enterprise, among which was that of discoursing with those who used to sail westward." Martin Vicente assured him that, being once four hundred and fifty leagues to the westward of Cape St. Vincent, he took up a piece of wood, artificially wrought, and as supposed, not with iron; whence the wind having been many days at west, he inferred that the piece of wood must come from some island. Peter Correa, who had married Columbus's wife's sister, assured him that in the island of Puerto Santo, he had seen another piece of wood, brought by the same winds, and wrought after that manner; as also canes of such a thickness, that every joint would contain above a gallon of liquor. Columbus himself said he had heard the King of Portugal affirm the same in discourse upon such affairs, and that he had those canes, which he ordered to be shown him, and he concluded to have been driven by the wind; wherein he was confirmed by Ptolemy, who, in his first book and seventeenth chapter of his *Cosmography*, says: "There are such canes in India."

The historian again affirms that some inhabitants of the Islands Azores further assured him (Columbus) that when the wind blew hard at west and northwest, the sea threw up pine-trees

on the east coast of the islands of Graciosa and Fayal, whereas those islands produce none of that sort. The sea also cast up two dead bodies on the island Flores, whose faces seemed to be very broad, and their features different from the Christians. Much more information of like character was obtained by Columbus, all of which confirmed him in his belief and purpose.

Certain writers have sought to disparage the achievements of Columbus by endeavoring to show that the Northmen had found America five hundred years before the illustrious Genoese, and that he obtained the knowledge which inspired his voyage of discovery from the semi-theological literature of the Scandinavians. Be this as it may—for the discussions of these points have not reached, nor are they likely to reach, an end for some time to come—certain it is that the more profoundly Columbus studied the matter, and the wider his observations and investigations extended, the warmer became his enthusiasm—an enthusiasm little short of monomania, if not akin to inspiration.

Attempts to belittle the achievements of Columbus on the ground that he worked on the information which he had secured from others, are puerile, if not contemptible. Did ever general

win a great victory, statesman write a great law, artist paint a great picture, astronomer make a great discovery without the aid of information obtained from the work of predecessors? Were even Julius Cæsar, Alfred the Great, Raphael, Galileo, Shakespeare, Washington, so great and original as not to have been indebted to those who had preceded them, and to those who aided the development of their power? One element of greatness which asserted itself in Columbus was the remarkable ability or genius which he possessed for gathering up the facts, theories, and reports which were afloat, and making such use of them as no other man of his age had the wit to do. He was a profound student of the subject which had become the controlling force of his life. He scientifically collected all obtainable data, reasoning from those data with the mastery of a logician. He knew all that was then knowable on the subjects of navigation, exploration, and cosmography. And he put his faith, courage, and purpose sublime to the noble task of working out of his theories, information, and almost prophetic instincts, a grand practical result. Herein we see the workings of a master mind. The very arguments used by the enemies of his renown to disparage his greatness and belittle his

achievements, must only confirm the unprejudiced student in his admiration for the power, ability, and genius of Columbus.

Against all these unreasonable charges, and the spirit which manifestly inspires them, set the frank acknowledgment of Columbus himself in which he claims to have gathered his information from many sources. He writes: "I have dealt and conversed with wise people, as well clergy as laity—Latins, Greeks, Indians, and Moors, and many other of other sects; and our Lord has been favorable to this my inclination, and I have received of him the spirit of understanding. He has made me very skillful in navigation, knowing enough in astrology, and so in geometry and arithmetic. God has given me a genius and hands apt to draw this globe, and on it the cities, rivers, islands, and ports, all in their proper places. During this time [forty years of study] I have seen, and endeavored to see, all books of cosmography, history, and philosophy, and of other sciences; so that our Lord has sensibly opened my understanding to the end I may sail from hence to the Indies, and made me most willing to put this in execution." In all this acknowledgment of a providential guidance there is neither boasting nor fanaticism. He

does not claim any miraculous endowment, but simply that God has bestowed upon him the genius of an explorer, and has opened the way for him to acquire the education, experience, and information necessary to the accomplishment of this great undertaking. He does not claim to have evolved all he knows about navigation and the existence of western worlds from his internal consciousness, nor from any special supernatural enlightenment, except as a providential leading may be so regarded. Again, we say his originality—the originality of which we and all ages to come will be the beneficiaries—was in his use of the information which he had patience and the genius to accumulate in his own brain, the courageous, skillful application of the theories of ages and of the cosmographical science of his own time.

In those days every great enterprise depended on the favor of princes and the patronage of kings. In Florence the revival of art is conditioned on the patronage of Lorenzo the Magnificent; in Germany the Reformation depends upon the favor of the princes of the Empire; later on, in England, the progress of letters will be sustained and encouraged by the sympathy of Elizabeth and James. In Spain, Columbus will

be found soliciting the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella. He had sought in vain to kindle a sincere enthusiasm in the mind of John of Portugal, and he went with little encouragement to the court of Spain. It was the old, old story, and the new, new story—the struggle of genius and reason against prejudice and superstition, the opposition of an ignorant conservatism to the enterprise of science and progress. Columbus stood up to be laughed at as one of the visionaries who come to disturb the repose of the world's serene stupidity. Navigators laughed, financiers laughed, princes laughed, and kings laughed. O these men that have been laughed at, how great they are to-day, how great they will ever be! Galileo laughed at! Palissy laughed at! Watt, Stephenson, and Fulton laughed at! Harvey laughed at! Jenner laughed at! Franklin, Morse, Field laughed at! Columbus laughed at! To have been universally laughed at were almost enough glory for any reformer or for any genius. In that laughter is often the prophecy of the immortal applause.

But after the learned theologians, learned travelers, learned purse-holders, and other learned fools of Spain had worn out the patience of the proud and thoughtful Columbus, and he was

about to shake the dust of Spain from his feet, and seek the more progressive and generous-minded England, where reigned a Henry VII, one arose to call him back, to befriend his cause, and to support his ambitious purpose with power. That one was Isabella, who said, in her high enthusiasm: "I will pledge my jewels to raise the money needed." Whether the impulsive Isabella had already pledged those same jewels to support the war against the Turks or not, whether she ever made just that verbal promise or not, certain it is, and no quibble over "oft-pawned jewels" can set the fact aside or tarnish the true glory of it, Isabella's patronage brought financial support to the enterprise of Columbus, and by the progressive spirit, by the intelligence, far-sightedness, and generosity of a woman, was the discovery of America made possible. The Pinsons were doubtless led to support the enterprise with their wealth and services by the friendliness of Isabella; yet little could that distinguished woman have known that she was contributing to the increase of woman's power, influence, and honor for all coming time by patronizing the great New-World discoverer. Little could she have imagined that through her favor a land would be discovered where, in time, there would

appear the freest, most progressive, influential, and intelligent womanhood that had ever adorned the history of the race. There is much of justice and philosophy in Lamartine's well-known words: "There is a woman at the beginning of all great things." There was a woman at the beginning of the discovery of America. If we accept the story of the Scandinavian discovery, we must accept with it the pleasant tradition that the first victory won on this continent by European arms was achieved through the bravery of a woman, who rebuked the cowardice of her countrymen as they fled before the Screeplings, or Indians, and, grasping the spear of her fallen husband, turned upon the savages, rekindled the courage of the Norsemen, and led them to a final victory. It is also a tradition, which we are prone to accept as history, that a woman first set foot upon Plymouth Rock. And, further, if Pocahontas saved the life of Captain John Smith, she saved the entire English colony from annihilation, and thus saved to Virginia a rich and eloquent blood. All these traditions have an added interest as they cluster around the historic fact that Isabella pledged the crown of Castile to the support of the Columbian expedition. And this great white fact somewhat relieves the name of Isabella of

the dark, forbidding colors in which the just historian has been compelled to paint it. Hated though that name may be by Protestant Christianity and by the Jewish race, let detestation ever give way to admiration when the mind recalls the fact that Isabella took a noble part in the finding of this New World.

Columbus was constituted high admiral in all the seas, islands, and continents which should be discovered; and to Columbus and his heirs was granted a tenth of the profits of the productions and commerce of the countries which he should discover.

On the evening of August 2, 1492, every preparation was completed. Three caravels—the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, and the *Santa Maria*—rode at anchor in the harbor of Palos. There were assembled about a hundred followers of Columbus eager for the voyage. Columbus had thought, studied, toiled, and prayed for twenty years to organize his expedition of discovery. He had grown prematurely gray and old with anxieties and sufferings. He had been rebuffed, insulted, ridiculed, beggared, but never conquered. Those years of preparation showed the metal of the man, and doubtless gave him just the stern discipline which was necessary in the final effort

and issue of the bold and great-minded enterprise. Difficulties which would have conquered and crushed a weaker man, only developed and gave discipline to the characteristic energies of this master-mind.

Here is the history of the triumph of a great idea, and it reveals the character of a great thinker. Is it not so with all who shape our destiny for the brighter age? He had a great idea, that Paul, who gloried in nothing but the cross of Christ, and thereby revolutionized religion, and gave the throne of the Cæsars to the Nazarene. He had a great idea, that Gutenberg, who gave the world the printing-press, and revolutionized learning and literature. He had a great idea, that Galileo, who invented the telescope, and revolutionized the science of astronomy. He had a great idea, that Franklin, Watt, Edison, who harnessed the steam and the lightning, and revolutionized commerce, industry, and manufacturing. He had a great idea, that Columbus—with it he conquered all opposing difficulties; with it he conquered priests, scholars, financiers, and kings; with it he conquered hunger, ridicule, ignorance, jealousy; with it he conquered winds and waves and stars, and revolutionized civilization. It was a magnificent

struggle. There proudly stood "one faith against a whole earth's unbelief;" one great idea against the whole earth's ignorance; one purpose bold against a whole earth's cowardice. How grand the victor and the victory!

That last evening in Spain was spent by the rough and adventurous sailors in religious devotion; for that entire band, headed by the tall, light-haired, gray-eyed, dignified, and serious Columbus, marched to the sanctuary of worship, took the holy sacrament, and supplicated the Divine blessing upon the expedition.

Of the religious sincerity of Columbus there can be no reasonable question. But certain detractors from the great discoverer's well-earned fame have seen in his religious professions and fervor only the basest hypocrisy. His claims to Divine guidance, to providential protection, to spiritual and Scriptural enlightenment, in this great undertaking, have met with the jeers and ridicule of men who are not able to excuse the harmless superstitions of that age, much less to appreciate the lofty spirit, noble purpose, and extraordinary genius of such a man as Columbus. Every libel started by his envious rivals has been perpetuated, and almost magnified into history. Every fable hatched in the brain of jealousy has

been kept alive, to diminish, if possible, the glory of his discovery. His every act of naval or military discipline has been distorted into a cruelty or a crime. But an age like this, which is called on to witness an attack upon Shakespeare's splendid fame, a disparagement of his genius, and a brazen denial of his literary identity, will not be surprised nor misled by those curiosities of literature, or rather those monstrosities of literature, which assume the form of illogical, un-historical, and sensational attacks upon the character and achievements of Columbus. It is no more just and reasonable to demand a nineteenth-century conscience and enlightenment of Columbus than it is to demand them of Marco Polo, Dante, Raphael, Bacon, Shakespeare, or any other great genius of the distant past. Some critics insist upon measuring a Stanley in Darkest Africa, a Napoleon or a Grant on the field of war, and a Columbus in his rough, dangerous voyages of discovery, by the nice standard that controls the deportment of a female seminary president, or the polite floor-walker of a millinery establishment.

Columbus was not entirely free from the superstitions of his age. He was not wholly superior to all the roughening influences of adven-

ture and of a seafaring life. He may have been endowed with an austere temper, with the unyielding spirit of leadership, with an unconquerable will, with a glowing imagination, with a courage that never yielded to a threat nor faltered in the presence of danger; but could he have been a world-discovering Columbus without these masculine qualities? Yet, with all his haughtiness of spirit, and with all his dauntless courage and perseverance, Columbus trusted in a ruling and overruling Providence, as all the greatest history-makers have done. It takes the minor poets and the minimum philosophers to deny a Providence; but the epic-singers of the ages, the continent-explorers, the world-discoverers, the planet-finders, the nation-builders, and the nation-defenders recognize the existence of a Supreme Providence. Columbus believed, in the inner heart of himself, that he was an instrument in God's hands for the accomplishment of some vast human benefit.

That solemn service of sacrament and prayer, in the humble monastery of Palos, was as devout and sincere as were ever sacrament and prayer.

Here is a providential man, leading the world to a new providential epoch. Was he a saint, as Roselly de Lorgues would have us believe? No

certainly not. Nor was he a villain, as other extremists would have us think. When we consider the moral lapses of even Noah, Abraham, Jacob, Moses, David, and Solomon of sacred history, it is not necessary for us to believe a man must be a faultless saint to be a providential man, used by Divine Wisdom for providential history.

When it is remembered that the very prophecies of the Bible inspired Columbus to seek new worlds, that he had a desire to spread the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth, that this expedition of discovery was begun in prayer, that he was so strict in his observance of the Sabbath that he would never sail from port on that holy day, that he insisted upon the worship of God as one of the duties of the ship's company; and when it is remembered that, after a voyage of seventy days on an unknown sea, the sight of the New World was greeted by the exultant sailors with the "Te Deum," started on one ship, caught up by the second and the third, until, across the waves and beating against the new-found shores, rolled that magnificent thanksgiving to God; and when it is remembered that, in the midst of the astounded multitude of savage spectators, Columbus with his followers

sprang upon the New World, planted the cross, and knelt in prayer; and when the history of America is remembered, from that great hour to this,—the Christian thinker sees in it all the hand of God, leading a devout genius to the execution of a divine plan, and furnishing the faith and reason of the race with another proof that—whether it be said of men or nations, of events or civilization—

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

We do not stop to describe again the romance and poetry of that voyage of discovery. How the waves through all that long voyage made music on the keels of those venturesome ships; how favoring winds petted the sails, and the cloudless skies smiled their hope and courage; how the hearts of the sailors rose and fell, and rose again, alternately controlled by hope and fear, courage and cowardice, triumph and despair; how the determined Columbus, with art and artifice, promise and threat, austere silence and magnetic eloquence, preserved discipline, and kept the prows of the noble ships westward, until they anchored in sight of the verdant splendors of San Salvador,—must all be left to the

orator and poet. Enough for us to consider that on the Friday morning of October 12th, the cry "land," the boom of cannon, and the singing of the "Te Deum" celebrated the discovery of a New World, the beginning of a new history. This, as Charles Sumner declared it to be, was "the greatest event of secular history." No event of modern times has proved to be of greater significance to the race than the opening of the long-locked gates of this magnificent Western Continent. One need not underestimate the importance of the moment when Alexander the Great hurled his javelin against the eastern bank of the Hellespont, and sprang full-armored to the shore to make the conquest of Asia; nor of the historic moment when Cæsar's standard-bearer leaped from the ship, and rushed through the waters to plant the Roman eagles on the shores of Britain; nor of that dramatic instant when William the Conqueror stumbled out upon the shores of England, grasped the sand from the beach, and cried: "I have taken seizure of this land!" One need underestimate the historic meaning of none of these great events, when he believes the supreme moment of secular history was when the dauntless sailor of Genoa sprang

from his storm-beaten ship, and kissed the virgin soil of this great New World.

Columbus, with all his dreams, with all his golden visions of imagination, never understood the real significance of his discovery. He had found India, as he supposed, and to the end of his life it never dawned upon his noble spirit that he had found a greater than India, a land compared with which the pearl-shored, gold-strewn Orient was infinitesimally insignificant, a land whose resources and glorious destiny the rich and opulent imagination of a Marco Polo would not seriously attempt to picture.

It would have been far better for his peace of mind had Columbus found India, and succeeded in bringing its riches of gold, spices, and precious stones into Spain. The discoverer labored under the false impression that he had found India. Assuming that the lands described by Marco Polo had been reached by sailing west, he made those promises to his followers, and to his sovereigns which brought him his misfortunes. To fulfill his promise he was pushed to a zealous search and inquiry for gold. Modern critics of a certain school have based on that fact the accusation that Columbus was a man of inordinate

greed, whose god was gold, and whose ambition was low and sordid, rather than such as animates a lofty mind and a true benefactor of mankind. But the genuine critical spirit sees in Columbus, at this stage of his career, the victim of the sordidness of his age. It was the greed of Spain, not of Columbus, that forced from the discoverer and his followers the ceaseless cry, "Gold, gold, gold!" It was Spain's greed that later on in her too willing servants, Cortez and Pizarro, despoiled the Montezumas of Mexico and the Incas of Peru of their barbaric wealth, and ruined ancient civilization to enrich the treasuries of Leon and Castile.

This constant demand for gold which Columbus promised to meet, and was cursed for not meeting, broke his heart. The high-minded man, who had toiled from youth to advancing age in the solution of a great problem, who had mastered the science of his time, and had put it to the grandest practical experiment that had as yet been undertaken in the history of this world, is forced at last to become a mere gold-hunter, the slave and victim of a greed that controlled his sovereigns, his country, and his age. It was the demand for the pecuniary profit of his voyages and discoveries that led to the introduction of

slavery, and to the exportation of Indians for that inhuman object.

It is not agreeable for us to think of the great discoverer as the first to introduce slavery upon the New World; nevertheless, even the most prejudiced anti-Columbian, if he have any information on the subject of the history of slavery, will not presume to deny that it was already a European institution, sanctioned by the Church and the State at the time. Columbus was not the author of the inhuman and unchristian institution, and why should it be expected of him, a man of adventure and exploits, that he should be more enlightened on this subject than the statesmen, priests, and people of Spain, and even England, were? Why should he in the fifteenth century be more enlightened on the subject of slavery than Jefferson was when he signed the Declaration of Independence, or than George Washington was when he became President of the United States, three hundred years after the discovery of America? Columbus introduced European civilization to the New World. Slavery, alas! was an institution in that civilization. The only argument that we make, if any need be made in extenuation of the slavery-introducing record of Columbus, is simply this, that the

sins of an age, the crimes of nations, the faults of a civilization, should not be heaped upon the shoulders of a single individual who may not have been able to rise above all the common inhumanities of his day; otherwise, upon a Washington must rest the slaveholding crime of America from 1776 to 1865, for "the great Virginian held slaves." It certainly would have been marvelous had Christopher Columbus of the fifteenth century possessed all the light that filled the soul of Abraham Lincoln, the emancipator of the nineteenth century. It may be doubted whether any of the modern critics of the moral delinquencies of Columbus would have been any more highly enlightened on the subject of slavery than was he, had they lived in his time.

Though Columbus made four voyages to America, he really discovered only the Bahama Islands, with Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, Trinidad, Honduras, and the extreme northeastern shore of South America. Columbus did not discover the continent of South America until his third voyage in 1498, and he did not set his foot upon the continent of North America, nor even know of its existence. Before Columbus discovered the South American continent, Sebastian Cabot, under the patronage of Henry VII of England,



discovered the continent of North America. South America was not discovered until 1498, nor North America until 1497.

The discovery of the outlying islands, however, was virtually the discovery of the New World. It is only by a quibble that either Cabot or Vesputius can be made the discoverer of America. Amerigo Vesputius and the Cabots were inspired to make their voyage by the success of Columbus. While great honor is due the Cabots for the discovery of North America, Vesputius really discovered little. He simply sailed to and coasted along the shores of South America, and the islands already discovered by Columbus. He did not even command the expedition with which he sailed. He was a retired merchant, educated in naval astronomy, and was induced by the success of Columbus to sail with Admiral Ojeda to the newly-discovered land in the West. On his return, his eloquent and scientific description of the New World excited the wonder and admiration of scholars, and gave Europe a better knowledge of the Western World than had before been produced. It was by his writings, by his descriptions, by his science and eloquence, not by his discovery, that the New World took his name, and was called

“America.” The name undoubtedly came from Germany, where the scientific scholars had been so edified by the publications of Amerigo Vespuccius, that they called the land he described “America.” Whatever honors may be due to other explorers and discoverers, Columbus’s famous reply to a would-be detractor from his merit and fame will ever be looked upon as unanswerable by the best thought of mankind. It is said that on the discoverer’s return from his first voyage, the Grand Cardinal of Spain invited Columbus to a magnificent banquet. One of the invited guests, jealous of Columbus’s Italian nationality, asked him, sneeringly, whether he imagined that, “in case he had discovered the Indies, there were no other men in Spain who would have been capable of the enterprise?” Columbus took the famous egg, invited the company to make it stand on end. Every one tried, but every one failed. Columbus struck it upon the table, and there it stood, illustrating how easy it would be for anybody to stand an egg on end, or discover a new world after he had done it, and showed them how.

Columbus made four voyages to the New World. On the first voyage, he discovered the Bahamas, Cuba and Hayti; on the second, Ja-

maica and Porto Rico; on the third, Trinidad and the continent of South America; and on the fourth, Porto Bello and Honduras, with adjacent islands. Every voyage resulted in important discoveries. The jealousies, however, which began even before the adventurous caravels spread their sails for the first voyage, culminated in political intrigues which made it necessary for Columbus to return from his second voyage to make an explanation at the court of Spain. From his third voyage he was sent back to Spain as a prisoner in chains, but on his arrival was acquitted, liberated, and honored.

It must be admitted that the temper which fitted Columbus to be an explorer and a discoverer did not so well fit him for the work of colonization. He failed in politics and statesmanship. As it often happens that a great soldier in attempting statesmanship fails, so it is not to be a matter for astonishment, much less for disparaging sneer, that a great navigator should fail in his ambitious attempt to organize civil society and establish political institutions.

In the prosecution of a war with the Indians, who had massacred the Spaniards and had practiced cannibalism, Columbus met the savages, not only with horses, crossbows, and fire-arms,

but also with bloodhounds. Whether bloodhounds are more cruel than shotguns, or whether the Spaniards were more ferocious and inhuman in dealing with the cannibals than were the cannibals themselves in their treatment of the Spaniards, it may not be possible to determine, but some writers are disposed to brand Columbus as a most heartless wretch because he employed bloodhounds in warfare. It would seem that such writers are not familiar with the fact that the use of dogs in war was not first introduced by Columbus, but was as old as Greek and Roman warfare. We are told by John Gibson that Corinth was once saved by fifty war-dogs, which attacked the enemy. The Romans used bloodhounds against the Gauls. The English and Scotch used them in warfare against each other. And, in the time of Elizabeth, the Earl of Essex employed eight hundred bloodhounds in putting down the Irish rebellion. These facts are deduced only to show that dogs were used in war, not only against cannibals, but against civilized peoples, and were used in civilized Greece, Rome, Ireland, Scotland, England, and Spain. There can be to this age no justification of the use of bloodhounds in war. Must we not go farther and say, there can be no justification of

the battle-ax, of the shotgun, of the torpedo, of war itself against mankind?

It is to be regretted that Columbus found it necessary to wage war by any method against the Indians, as it is to be regretted that the Colonists of North America were compelled to kill Indians, and as it is to be regretted that civilization in any form or in any of her enlightened children has been forced into war with savagery in any form or with any of her unhappy and benighted children. Critics must at least be fair to the history of warfare, if not to Columbus, on this bloodhound charge.

The fourth voyage of Columbus was calamitous, and from it the admiral returned an old man, shattered in body, if not in mind, and retired from public view to Valladolid, where, friendless, penniless, neglected, and forgotten, he died in 1506, having lived as splendid, as useful, and as melancholy a life as any that adds pathos, charm, and wonder to the annals of modern history.

The future character of this great continent was prophesied in its conquests and discoveries. This country, which was destined to become politically an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, was discovered, conquered, explored, and

originally colonized by all nations. Nearly every nation claims the honor of having discovered America. The Spaniards, Italians, Welsh, Irish, English, Dutch, Scandinavians, Arabs, French, and Chinese are each credited with this important discovery. It is significant that the blood of all these nationalities was destined to flow in the veins of the American citizen and that all these races were to be gathered under this great republican form of government where the rights of citizenship are not conditioned on race, color, or previous condition.

This question of discovery is a difficult one, not to be settled without an understanding of what we mean by discovery. Whether the Spaniards, the Northmen, the Welsh, the English, or the Chinese discovered America depends on what we mean by discovery. If the Spaniards were here before the English, and the Northmen before the Spaniards, and the Welsh before the Northmen, and the Chinese before the Welsh, then we still find the Indians, the Aztecs and Toltecs before the Chinese. When Columbus landed at San Salvador he was immediately surrounded by the inhabitants, whose ancestors had discovered America long before. When the Northmen landed in Massachusetts in the eleventh century,

if they did, they found a people whose ancestors had evidently discovered America before Ericson, the Norse. If the Chinese in the fifth century came into Mexico or Central America or South America, they found races already in an advanced state of civilization whose ancestors must have discovered America long before the fifth century. Had Columbus pushed on into Central America or into Mexico and Peru, he would have been astonished to find what Cortez and Pizarro soon after found, a barbaric wealth and splendor which could have been rivaled only by the glory which Marco Polo found in golden India. The ruins of sculpture, of tombs, temples, and palaces, found in Central America and Mexico can not be explained except on the ground that a civilization once existed there which in its origin, growth, supremacy, decay, and obliteration has covered a duration of time greater than the Christian era, if not as great as from the date of Moses to the present time. Who were the discoverers of America? Greeks? Egyptians? Phœnicians? Asiatics? Who can tell? There can be no doubt of the similarity of Aztec and Egyptian architecture and sculpture. There is a remarkable resemblance between the idols of the Aztecs or pre-Aztec civilizations of Amer-

ica and the idols of China and India. There was doubtless an American art, an American civilization, long before there was a European art or civilization. But there are evidences furnished by geology, archæology, and anthropology which prove that man has existed on this continent for at least fifty thousand, and possibly two hundred thousand years. On the authority of Alexander Agassiz, this North American continent was the first to lift itself above the universal flood and chaos. Doubtless here, then, are to be found the earliest traces of the existence of man on the earth. Possibly the much debated skull found in Calaveras County, California, belonged to an inhabitant of this continent who lived a thousand centuries ago! If the honor of having discovered America is to be denied the famed Italian, then must it also be withheld from the Northmen and given to some daring voyager now unknown, of an age far more remote. It is worse than idle to put forward the claims of the Northmen when, by the very arguments which would destroy the Spanish claim, the Northmen's claim itself is destroyed. Beyond all question some one found America long before Ericson and much longer before Ericson than Ericson before Columbus.

The Pilgrim Fathers were of yesterday. Columbus, Cabot, Ericson were but of yesterday. The builders of the temples of the South on whose ruins is a thousand years' growth of vegetation, they were the discoverers of America, and they were the ancient of the ancients. But, it may be said, we can not call this discovery, this is not what we mean. That old and vanished people did not give this New World to modern civilization, they did not open the land to modern progress. So may we say of the Chinese. What if there may be discovered traces of Asiatic art and religion in the remains of the mound-builders of the North and the temple-builders and idol-sculptors of the South? Did the Chinese discover this land for modern enterprise and modern liberty? What if traces of the Welsh language may be found in some of the Indian dialects of North America in proof of an early Welsh discovery of America? Did the Welsh discoverers, if they existed, discover this country for human advancement, for the growth of science, freedom, and civilization; or were they accidentally storm-driven upon those shores finally to become extinct? What if the Northmen did come to Massachusetts in the eleventh century, or five hundred years before

Columbus, if they left no trace of their presence, if they gained no permanent footing here, and if, for five hundred years following, the world knew nothing about it, and it resulted in no opening of the continent to the progress of the nations? It is remarkable that since the moment the "Te Deum" swelled out across San Salvador, civilization has been taking possession of this American continent—remarkable that since the Cross was planted by Columbus on this new soil, the golden sandal of progress has never halted. Not once has humanity looked backward; not in a single instance has the star of empire hesitated in its westward course, or for a moment been eclipsed. Who, then, was the true discoverer of America? Who found this new land for humanity and for a new civilization? Certainly none other than he who for four hundred years has worn the brightest crown that fame has placed upon the brow of man, Christopher Columbus, the Genoese.

It is claimed, however, that the discovery of America was an accident; that Columbus did not set out to find new worlds; that he was in search of India, and to his dying day did not know that he had found a new world. For this reason it is further claimed that no credit or

glory is due the discoverer. By the same narrow reasoning, if the astronomer turns his telescope towards the heavens and sees worlds he had not looked for, is he to be denied the credit of the discovery, and is the discovery but a meaningless, unscientific, unphilosophical accident? If the mathematician Archimedes, by stepping into the bath and displacing the water, discovers a new law of physics, shall it be called an accident, and all credit be denied the discoverer? If Galvani goes into the kitchen to prepare some broth for his invalid wife, and places the frog's legs in contact with a scalpel or a copper wire that has been charged with electricity, and from the twitching of the frog's legs discovers voltaic electricity, shall it be called an accident for which no person is to have the glory?

Galileo at the age of eighteen watched the swinging of a lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa, noted the regularity of the vibrations, and therefrom discovered the time-measuring property of the pendulum. What or who set that lamp in motion just at that time? How happened it to be swinging just when Galileo inadvertently looked up? "An accident," some will say, "no credit to Galileo." It was an

accident of a snow-storm that baffled Hannibal; an accident of a rain-storm, according to Hugo, that defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. Newton was asleep under an apple-tree, when an apple fell and struck him, and gave him a solution of the universe in the discovery of the law of gravity. An accident! James Watt sat before the kitchen fireplace warming his hands, or waiting for the frugal meal, when the lid of the teakettle began to dance, and the power of steam revealed itself to the mind that understood it. Another accident! In 1849, a new settler is excavating for a mill-race out in California and finds a nugget of gold. The discovery of gold in California an accident! Nearly every great event that has helped the world onward may be reduced to a so-called accident. Archimedes did not go to the bath-tub to find a new law of physics; Galvani did not go into the kitchen to find voltaic electricity; Galileo did not go into the Cathedral of Pisa to find the isochronal property of the pendulum; Newton did not fall asleep under the apple-tree to find the law of gravity; Watt did not sit down before the sputtering teakettle to find the power of steam; Marshall did not excavate for the mill-race in California to find gold; and, in the same sense,

Columbus did not sail into the West to find a new world. But all the better, all the more credit and glory, if the astronomer who turns his telescope in search of a comet find a blazing sun. And all the better, all the more honor and fame, if the navigator who sails in search of India find—America! Humanity will forever appreciate and honor the men who have had the genius to meet with such splendid accidents. Accidents? No. This world is not run by chance. The destinies of humanity are not determined by accidents. Science and philosophy, logic and reason, eliminate the word “accident” from the discussion of history and the causes of events. The true philosophy of history repudiates the reality of the accidental, but recognizes the eternal and necessary reality of the providential.

In his very ignorance of the true character of his discovery, and his acknowledgment of Divine guidance, as well as in the great moral and social results of the opening of this long-closed, inexhaustible continent, there would seem to be indications that Columbus was a man of Providence, a man who wrought even better than he knew, and was but carrying out, on a grander scale than he imagined, the purpose and the plan of the Divine Wisdom. Because he did not know

that he had found a new world, but supposed that he had reached India, some would disparage his greatness; but on the same ground the glory of Cabot's discoveries must be denied, as he did not know that he had found a new continent, nor did any of the explorers and discoverers for several years after America was found come to realize the true significance of Columbus's achievement.

We are not disposed to ascribe to Columbus all the glory for American civilization. It must be admitted that he never knew to his dying day that he had found a new world, other than India, which, alas! he never saw. We can not suppose that he had in his noble mind all the sentiments of liberty, progress, and civilization which have been developed here and brought to a splendid fruition. It may, however, be very rationally believed that he was one of history's providential geniuses, that he possessed a lofty spirit, and was actuated by holy ambitions to benefit mankind. His faith, courage, leadership, endurance, and knowledge fitted him for the high enterprise whose success brought humanity an eternal blessing, and his own name an immortal renown.

Columbus had not a prophet's vision; he could not see what Spanish conquerors, French

explorers and English colonizers, Pilgrims, Puritans, and Huguenots would do for this land. Nor could he see new kingdoms, empires, and republics rise in power and flourish with happiness here. Bright and extravagant were his dreams; but he could not have dreamed what this generation has come to realize. The men who were here to be born, to rise to fame and greatness; the events which were here to add glory to history; the revolutions, reformations, mighty strides of moral and political progress, which were here to be achieved, can not be expected to have engaged the imagination of Columbus. What four hundred years, in the ages of humanity, have crowded into them more advancement, more light and truth, more science and liberty, more righteousness and human greatness, than the four hundred years since the Columbian discovery of America? If all the glory for this may not be attributed to Columbus, nevertheless he takes his place at the front of that long line of explorers and discoverers, the most famous of history, whose names are forever associated with the name of America. What a race of history-makers they were: Columbus, Vesputius, Cabot, Cortereal, De Leon, Magellan, Verrazzani, Cartier, De Soto, Hawkins, Drake, Frobisher, Cor-

tez, Pizarro, Gilbert, Davis, Raleigh, La Salle, Hudson, and Champlain! A score of names immortalized and gaining glory in the history and by the progress of the American world!

Do not these names belong to us? In a truer sense than nativity, are not these all Americans? And when we call the roll of the great, must not these names be mentioned as the forerunners, and in a sense the national ancestors, of such men as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton, Webster, Grant, and Lincoln? As discoverers and explorers they were like the spies of sacred history, the van of a mighty host and the heralds of an unparalleled immigration. They were even more; for it was their mission to find and clear the ground where should be laid, by just as undeniably providential men, the deep and broad foundations of republican civilization. There seems to have been, in all that discovering and exploring, a wisdom and a planning above the apparent wisdom and planning of men.

The discovery of America, as we have found, belonged to that great intellectual awakening called the Renaissance. And no event of all those splendid times ministered so powerfully to the perpetuation of the Renaissance, to the

onward, upward march of the sun of intellectual enlightenment and freedom, as the finding of this New World. This discovery gave intellect, science, and liberty their field and opportunity. It prevented a reaction from the revival of reason, and made impossible a repetition of the Dark Ages. It made way for all the liberties, and furnished motives and inspiration for all the moral and mental activities. It gave all the problems arena, and made human progress not only possible, but imperative and inevitable.

Martin Luther was ten years old when Columbus discovered America, and while the navigator was completing his work, Luther was opening the Bible for the first time in the University of Erfurt, and committing to memory the battle-cry of the coming Reformation—"The just shall live by faith." These great intellectual and religious movements were not only related to each other, but both were also related to the discovery of America. The discovery of America perpetuated the Reformation, as it did the Renaissance.

The discovery of North America by Cabot, the settlement of New England by the Puritans, the Declaration of Independence, the American Revolution, the establishment of this representative self-government, the emancipation of the slaves,

and abolition of the slave-traffic, which even Columbus inaugurated, and Washington and Jefferson helped to perpetuate, were inevitable events; they grew as inevitable harvests from the soil which the genius of a Columbus discovered, and which the doctrines of the Reformers cultivated. Columbus discovered from a quarter to a third of the habitable earth, and added it to the property of the world. By this achievement he not only revolutionized commerce, but multiplied the wealth of all mankind. He has made it easier for every man to earn his daily bread, and he who has made bread-winning easier for human muscle, has made truth-learning and God-finding easier for human mind and heart.

In the age of Columbus the most abundant source of national wealth was conquest; and, though the discovery of America was soon followed by the ruthless conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, nevertheless, in the development of the last four hundred years, it has been shown by the opening of this New World, and the consequent multiplication of productive industries, and the augmentation of the world's commerce, that civilized nations have found the true philosophy of wealth in beating their swords into plowshares, and their spears into prun-

ing-hooks. When to celebrate the discovery of America the nations of the earth met in the peaceful rivalries of a Universal Exposition, the idea of conquest was no longer to be found in the political economy of any Government; it no longer exists in any accepted science or philosophy of national prosperity; it has been eliminated from the vocabulary of progressive statesmanship.

The Renaissance, the Reformation, and the discovery of America quickened the intellectual life of all Europe. The increase of commerce greatly enriched the maritime nations, and laid that foundation of material prosperity which, as in the case of ancient Rome and Athens, and of Venice and Florence, proved to be one of the essential conditions for the development of science, art, and literature. Germany's greatness is almost entirely post-Columbian and post-Lutheran. Her unity, her literature, philosophy, statesmanship, and military glory belong to the last four hundred years. England's literary, commercial, scientific, and naval supremacy followed the discovery of the New World. The Elizabethan age of English literature was the fruit of the combined influence of that discovery, and of the Reformation. The influence of Columbus upon

Cabot, Frobisher, Clifford, Drake, and Raleigh, and the further influence of their achievements upon the commercial, industrial, and literary life of England may be distinctly traced, and therein may the philosophy of England's modern greatness be found. Though Chaucer had sung his message a century before, it was a century after the discovery of America before Sidney, Bacon, Spenser, Jonson, Shakespeare, and Milton came to make the English language classical.

Almost the entire history of invention belongs to the post-Columbian age. The compass, the telescope, and the printing-press, in rude form, were here before; but the triumph of steam and electricity, by which navigation, travel, and manufacturing, have been revolutionized, belongs to the later age. Nearly all industrial machinery, as the loom, steam-engine, sewing-machine, and reaper, the practical and humanitarian application of science, is of comparatively recent invention.

But it will be admitted that the science of government has kept pace with the material development, the growth of wealth, the multiplication of industries, the invention of machinery, and the progress of literature and art. The nations have learned great lessons in law, government, and freedom since humanity began

to pour into this New World; and every nation of the earth has been politically influenced, even educated and modified, by the rise and development of this Republic. All nations have been contributing to our greatness, and there has been a providential preparation through the centuries for the not far-distant ideal political government. It can not be visionary to assume that history has been shaping toward the grand consummation of the establishment on this continent of the trinity of Republics—one united Republic of all North America, one united Republic of all Central America, and one united Republic of all South America; and these bound together in eternal reciprocity and national good-will for the maintenance of liberty and the promotion of the highest material, intellectual, and moral civilization known to mankind.

It is said that Ferdinand of Spain erected a monument to the memory of America's discoverer with the inscription:

“For Castile and Leon, Columbus found a New World.”

The history of the New World during the past four hundred years has shown more and more clearly, with the progress of events, the narrowness of Ferdinand's conception. By what

America has come to be, not only to herself, but to all the nations of the earth, the legend can no longer stand—

“For Castile and Leon, Columbus found a New World;”

for it, must be substituted the broader legend, and the legend that shall be truer to history, truer to prophecy, truer to the hopes of men and the providential purpose of God: “For truth, for liberty, and for humanity, Columbus found a New World.”



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

IV.

THE SETTLEMENT OF OUR COUNTRY.

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IT was most fortunate for the Protestant movement, and for the cause of religious liberty in general, that the Reformation poured its life-giving current into many distinct channels. A multiplicity of sects appeared; but the same spirit, life, and progressive impulse controlled them all. Had the Protestant movement assumed one ecclesiastical form, there would have been danger of its subsidence and failure. A traitor at the head of the cause might have abandoned its precious interests or betrayed it to its enemies. A Roman Catholic coming to the throne in a Protestant country might very easily have handed a single sect—such as Lutheranism, Presbyterianism, or Episcopalianism—over to the power of the papacy, as Mary attempted it in England. Indifference or corruption, creeping into one vast ecclesiasticism, might have been fatal to the Reformation, if it had embodied itself in but a single form of creed and discipline. But with many sects the cause was safer, since if one had failed, or had

grown indifferent and corrupt, the other sects might have retained the true spirit of the movement, and carried on the work of reform. With the Lutherans of Germany, the Huguenots of France, the Moravians of Bohemia, the Salzburgers of Austria, the Presbyterians of Scotland, and the Episcopalians and Puritans of England, there were certain to be sects that would remain true to the great cause, and preserve the results of the Reformation, as would not have been probable if only one sect had embodied the genius of reform.

This epoch was a time to try men's souls. The sacrifices demanded of those who first enlisted under the banner of the Reformation and became identified with the genesis and first growth of Protestantism, can hardly be estimated, much less appreciated, at this distance of time and progress. The cause was forced to develop under the most severe conditions of intolerance and persecution. But if history is stained with many a dark and shameful crime against the personal, political, and religious rights of humanity, there are nevertheless bright spots here and there, made glorious by the heroism and self-sacrifices of men who, loving truth above honor, and liberty more than life, have

risen up in the majesty of their conscientiousness and laid all upon the altar of human freedom and progress. Men of this high and noble order rose up in Germany, Holland, France, Switzerland, Bohemia, and England. At first their numbers were small, hence the persecutions in some lands were very great. But as in the days of the Roman emperors the persecutions from paganism could not quench the gospel flame that was spreading through the whole empire, so in the later days of Roman Catholic emperors, the persecutions of a paganized Christianity could not subdue the spirit of the Reformation, which was to restore an apostolic Christianity.

In the bravery of those great days, in the spirit of that many-tongued Reformation, and in the devotion and progressive purpose of those persecuted sects of an uprising Protestantism, we may find the philosophy of American liberty—the causes tributary to the irresistible, onward current of religious and political freedom that has channeled its way from sea to sea across this continent. In this mighty current of liberty and progress we find elements that have sprung from various fountain-heads—Lutheran elements, Huguenot elements, Moravian

elements, Puritan elements. So conspicuous are these influences that we must acknowledge American colonization, independence, and self-government to have been potentially a part of the Reformation. Our Republic, with all its present greatness and all its possibilities, came out of that Protestant revival.

The discovery of the New World by Columbus in 1492, and Cabot's discovery of North America in 1497, with England's enlightenment on the subject, came just in time to aid the new growth of ideas, the development of intellectualism, the spread of Protestant Christianity, and the seed-planting of the universal democracy.

The discovery of America was necessary to the preservation of human liberty—necessary to the securing of it. Like the plant in a tiny vase, the great cause of Christian civilization, in its rapid development, was bursting its limitations, and there was danger of its so outgrowing the soil as to perish for lack of nourishment. But it threw new roots into the rich, exhaustless soil of the New Continent, the New World, and therefrom it caught a new life, took on fresh strength, spread its exultant branches, and bent benignly toward every race with its weight of freedom's golden fruit.

A New World was as severe a blow to superstition, bigotry, and religious intolerance as was the Reformation itself. Indeed, that discovery was to result in preserving and immortalizing the work of the Reformers by securing its introduction into the life and growth of a new political system and a new civilization. But if the discovery of America was an event which seems providential in its very date, in its relation to the progress of intellectualism and the growth of religious and political freedom, so, also, for the eternal good of this New World, the Reformation providentially came just in time. It would be difficult for the philosopher to determine which was the more helpful—the influence of the discovery of America on the Reformation and the development of Protestantism, or the influence of the Reformation and the new Protestantism on the civilization and settlement of America. What would all North America have become without a Protestantism? A larger Mexico—nothing more. Undoubtedly Romanism had its eye on this continent with a view to re-establishing here that ecclesiastical supremacy which it was losing in the Old World. Spain, the ever-willing tool of the papal power, laid claim to all habitable North America, and

sought to colonize the country in the interests of the Romish faith and the Spanish treasury. As the pope was losing Germany, Holland, France, and England, he would offset his losses by colonizing and Romanizing a New World. But England, sweeping on into the new movement under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, challenged at once the right and the power of the pope to give America to Spain, and the right and power of Spain to give America to the pope. There began therefore a rivalry, if not a contest, in American colonization. It was logically one of the issues of the conflict between England and Spain. Pope Pius V excommunicated Elizabeth, and gave England to Philip II for the taking. On this high enterprise was the Spanish Armada bound in 1588, when—not by the renowned Raleigh, nor by the gallant Drake, but by the very winds of heaven—the magnificent naval array was swept to destruction, the power of haughty Spain was broken, and the insolence of Rome was rebuked. The fate of the Armada largely determined the fate of Spanish-American colonization, and in no small degree prevented the complete Romanizing of North America.

The dominant political influence in the colo-

nization of our country was English, and the controlling religious power was Protestant. How much the providential storm which wrecked the Armada had to do with determining the Protestantism of the Colonies it may be difficult to prove; but the providential elements entering into the solution of the problem are to be found not only in the stars and the winds, but in the brains of men and the plans and achievements of peoples and nations.

Aside from the religio-political aspect of the issues involved in the conflict between Spain and England, the Reformation was a potent factor in the establishment of our national foundation. It was the Reformation that raised up and sent forth colonizers and settlers of deep religious life, of advanced and liberal ideas—men of high and heroic character, men of prayer and faith and independent conscience, men of convictions and Bibles and Sabbaths. Without that Reformation no such race of moral giants could have been thrust out into this New World, and without such a race of men the problem of self-government could not have been solved, this continent-wide Republic could not have been established.

American civilization was founded by a civil-

ized people ; this can be said of no other great nation of the past. When Julius Cæsar wrote the commentaries of his wars in Gaul, he said of the ancestors of the Shakespeares, Newtons, and Gladstones : “ The greater part never sow their lands (did not know enough to plow), but live on flesh and milk, and go clad in skins. All the Britons in general paint themselves with woad, which gives a bluish cast to the skin, and makes them look dreadful in battle.”

But going back to the founding of the Rome of which this very Cæsar was ruler, we find that the first settlers were the robbers, murderers, beggars, and outlaws from all creation to whom Romulus gave an asylum. The Greeks sprang from wandering tribes, who in their journeys of plunder and conquest from the northeast, pitched upon Attica, and began the history which grew to be so glorious. And Israel, did she not rise out of Egypt's brickyards? Had those slavish brickmakers a higher ancestry than the wandering shepherds of Chaldea, dwellers in tents, without learning, laws, and manners?

But, as we turn to consider America's national beginners, we look upon a civilized people, not like the rude barbarian of painted face which Cæsar found in Britain ; not like the motley out-

laws which Romulus gathered about him on the Capitoline; not like the marauding Pelasgi who first settled Attica; not like the long-enslaved bondmen of Egypt, the descendants of the untutored shepherds, who came to the founding of Hebrew civilization. Our grandsires were a people who had in their brains and hearts the ripest results of the best civilization the world had developed. Of such a people, well-educated and thoroughly Christianized, something great should have been expected. They were, doubtless, the most courageous, conscientious, devout, high-minded part of that seventeenth-century humanity. If there existed a class of people on the earth, mentally and morally qualified to found a new nation, and a better nation than had yet existed, it was that class who knew enough, and were conscientious and courageous enough, to leave historic, civilized England, Holland, France, Germany, and Switzerland, for this mighty, limitless wilderness, and for the privilege of worshiping God after the dictates of their own consciences.

It is easy for any one to see it now, only a prophet could have seen it before, that it was in our human destiny, a divinely-fashioned destiny, for this people in their development to break from the old European alliances. Humanity

was to take a great stride of progress in the work of our fathers. History was to record, not only the opening of a new continent, but of a new era; it was to note, not only the advance of thousands of Europeans to a new country, but the advance of these minds to new ideas and new institutions. Here was to be the genesis, not only of a new colonization, but of a new civilization. The Muse of History turned a fresh page to record the glory of a new and a most wonderful national development. It will occur to the thoughtful that the remarkable event of Independence could have been achieved only by remarkable men.

Such men are doubtless with us all the time. They walk our streets unknown even to themselves, as did Grant and Lincoln, only waiting for providential circumstances to call them to greatness and fame. Certainly they were on the soil yonder when critical hours called for power, genius, and devotion. Our Pilgrim and Revolutionary fathers are part of the greatness and glory of the past. Bradford, Standish, and Winthrop; Oglethorpe, Vane, and Roger Williams; Warren, Otis, Henry, and Adams; Hancock, Lee, Jefferson, Hamilton, and Washington,—those names have been like drum-beats to quicken the pulse of patriotism.

They are histories in themselves. Greater than songs and epics, greater than eloquence and riches, is the name of a mighty man to influence generations to high ambitions, and thrill them with the purpose of heroic deeds. We are rich; no nation is richer in great names. We envy not Greece her Alexander and Phocion, nor Rome her Cæsar and Justinian, nor France her Napoleon and Charlemagne, nor England her Wellington and Alfred, so long as we remember the mighty-souled men who, in the founding of this country, seemed to carry millenniums in their hearts, as well as "empires in their brains." From the hearts and brains of such men came the high and distinctive character of American institutions. They still live in the genius of our Government, they have put themselves into the very fiber of our national life, and they belong as controlling, fashioning forces to all the history which is and which will be.

We should ever keep in mind the distinction to be made between the early adventurers and the early settlers of this country, between the fortune-hunters and the home-hunters. The early settlers were no such men as followed Columbus in search of gold-mines and spice-groves;

no such men as followed Pizarro to rob the Incas of their glory, and reduce the proud Peruvians to slavery; no such men as followed Cortez to humble the Montezumas, and despoil ancient Mexico of her old barbaric splendor. Men like these historic robbers and assassins might have been the first to settle America had it not been for that Northern Reformation which took this continent through the courage of great moral heroes for a higher purpose than that of conquest and plunder. If the early Colonists may be severely censured for their harsh treatment of the aborigines, it will be found as one of the possible extenuating circumstances, that injustice toward the American Indians first came, not from the settlers, but from the adventurers. The Indians did not distinguish the settler from the adventurer; both were white men. And in the wars that followed we look upon the legitimate results of an hostility, which had been created by unprincipled fortune-seekers. The hatred of the Indian for the white man, and of the white man for the Indian, was engendered by the conscienceless cupidity of adventurers who are not to be confounded with either the true Puritan or the true Cavalier.

This peculiar people, already civilized and

Christianized, brought with them four great ideas to be worked out into a new civilization. It will be found in the study of ancient forms of society, that every nation or civilization was but the development of some one great idea. The central idea in Hebrew civilization was religion. Egyptian greatness was built up mainly about the idea of material aggrandizement; the Greeks emphasized culture, and the Romans law or government. If no one of these great ideas alone is sufficient to secure national permanency, no one of them can be rejected. All of them are essential to the upbuilding and strength of society and government.

The settlers of the New World brought with them these four ideas; namely, government, material prosperity, culture, and religion. Government, in their minds, grew into democracy, and democracy formulated itself in the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States, and the institutions of a representative self-government. Both the settlers at Jamestown and the settlers at Plymouth had hopes, aspirations, and purposes from the beginning which, by an inevitable evolution, came to be the Declaration of 1776, and the Constitution of 1788. The children of the settlers were

the fathers of the signers. A democracy, pure and simple, our fathers never intended; such a government in form is possible only within a very limited territory, and, of course, would be impossible on this great continent. In so far as democracy meant the government of the people by the people, and for the people, it was the ambition of our fathers to realize it. But the only form of self-government practicable on so extended a territory as this continent was representative self-government, or the republican form of government. A Republic was established. At the beginning of our national history, the controversy was started as to whether the union of states composing the Republic constituted a National Union, one and inseparable, or a mere confederacy of sovereign States, which might be dissolved at any time a State saw fit to withdraw or secede from the Union. That controversy which divided the very heroes of the Revolution, and even the framers of the Constitution, continued from the days of Hamilton and Jefferson to the days of Webster and Calhoun, and of Lincoln and Douglas; nor was it closed until at Appomattox the theory of secession in the person of Robert E. Lee surrendered to the theory of the indivisible National

Union in the person of Ulysses S. Grant. A representative self-government in the form of a National Union, one and inseparable, as the Republic stands to-day, is the ripe and fully developed fruit of the great seed-thought of democracy brought to the New World in the brains and hearts, the hopes and aspirations of the first settlers.

In considering the epoch of the early settlement of America we find three other ideas as forces at work, laying the foundations of our republican civilization. These ideas are industry, intellect, and religion—forces which characterize the men of that time and that important work.

That settlement was an industrial movement. Those frail ships so providentially guided to these shores were filled with a people who had been bred to toil—a people whose hands had grown callous in the fields of England, the factories of Holland, and the mountains of Switzerland and Austria. Some few were soft-handed fortune-hunters, who expected to gather up gold from the soil of Virginia by shiploads; but the great majority were intelligent toilers, who came to develop the resources of the New World, to make a home, and build a nation. And fortu-

uate was it for this country that such a class came. Perhaps the least successful of all the Colonies in gaining a footing and securing permanent prosperity was Virginia. There, settlers had more difficulty with the weather, Indians, disease, and every opposing force, than in any other colony, and largely because too great a proportion of the first settlers were "gentlemen." The climate and the Indians made sad havoc of "gentlemen." America could never have been settled by "gentlemen," and yet we shall find that these very "gentlemen" brought into the colonization of America a valuable element of power. The first great desideratum, however, was muscle. And in lauding the virtues of the early settlers, we should not forget those masses of early toilers, the thousands who sleep in unmarked graves, whose names adorn no songs, no histories, no page of fame, but without whose industry, enterprise, and hardships America, even to this day, could have had no songs, no history, no fame. If in all that early life one man was despised more than any other, it was the idler. The old command seemed renewed to that people: "Replenish the earth and subdue it." In those brave days, toil became a religion; industry, a creed; muscle, a

virtue; hardship, a saintliness; and callousness, character.

From men of this vigorous fiber sprang a race whose industrial achievements have no parallel in history. The present state of development found in this country, from sea to sea and from gulf to lakes, is in itself Industry's sublimest epic. Toil never accomplished so much in any other three hundred years in any other land as it has accomplished on this continent since the landing of the Pilgrims, and this is largely due to the fact that from our fathers' days to these, here has been recognized the dignity of toil.

If the history of nations teaches us anything it is that national greatness, wealth, and peace are very largely conditioned on the ceaseless industry of the people; while an idle people, or a people who hate toil, are incapable of great social enlightenment, or of great national prosperity. Our prosperity has come, not only from the soil, forests, mountains, and mines of this opulent continent, but from the intelligently directed muscle of the people—from that industry which is as necessary to virtue and intellectuality as to wealth and material aggrandizement. We boast an ancestry of toil—wielders,

not of swords and scepters, but wielders of the hammer, the ax, the shovel, and the pruning-hook, which have wrought more gloriously for civilization than either sword or scepter.

The first great problem in the development of the New World was a physical problem, and it was to be solved by labor. The greatness of our country thus far is largely due to the toilers who have cultivated the land, built the cities, constructed the railroads, developed the mines, kindled the furnaces, and started the mills. Prosperity must precede the refinements. Labor which creates wealth, lays the foundation of culture. It is after a people have reached a comparative ease that they turn to art and letters. A material prosperity, revival of industry, trade, and wealth, preceded the intellectual awakening of the Elizabethan era, and also of the Renaissance. Culture followed wealth in the civilization of ancient Rome, Greece, and Egypt.

The development of a mighty people, however, will not stop at material prosperity. Great granaries, railroads, machines, and houses are not equal in glory to great books, colleges, and thinkers. The *Æneid* stands for a greater Rome than the Coliseum; the *Iliad*, for a nobler

Greece than the sword of Miltiades; Oxford is higher than Manchester; brain ranks brawn.

The early settlement of North America was an intellectual and moral movement, as was the Reformation. Its leading promoters were the scholars of the age. The ignorant and superstitious masses remained with the old Romanism; the intelligent and progressive came into the new Protestantism. The first Protestants were the most advanced thinkers of their time, whether they were laymen or clergymen. The Puritans, Moravians, and Huguenots were a people of advanced ideas, thoughtful, and intellectual. When they came to this country they brought with them the intellectual tastes and aspirations which were to give a high and rational character to American institutions and life. It will also be kept in mind that the colonization of this country was promoted during the "golden age of English letters, and was patronized by the brightest geniuses that adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James. Sir Walter Raleigh, though no Puritan, was a colonizer, or an organizer of colonies, and sailed for Virginia with a company of "gentlemen" of taste and education. He had been the companion of Bacon and Spenser, and had doubtless associated

with Jonson and Shakespeare. He was one of the most universal scholars of his age—a scientist, historian, philosopher, statesman, and poet, no less than a voyager and soldier. It was only by an accident that he failed to reach and possibly to become a settler of Virginia. Sir Philip Sidney was also an active promoter of Virginian colonization, organizing voyages to the New World. He was actually on board the ship bound for America—as was Cromwell, later on—when a summons from the queen called him back to the court. William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, one of the most zealous friends of Virginian colonization, a patentee of vast tracts of land in the New World and a promoter of emigration, was a patron of learning and literature, after whom Pembroke College, Oxford, was named, and to whom the first folio-edition of Shakespeare's works was dedicated. Thomas West, third Lord De La Warr, who "devoted his life to the movement for establishing English Protestant colonies in the New World," and who was the first governor and captain-general of Virginia, was a graduate of Oxford University, and a member of the Privy Council of Queen Elizabeth and of James I. George Sandys, who "spent the ripest of his

years in the public employment in Virginia," was an Oxford man, a scholar and author whose intellectual abilities were displayed in several literary productions, including his well-known "Paraphrase of the Psalms," and his translations into English verse of Ovid's "Metamorphoses." It was this class of highly intellectual men that largely determined the character of early Virginian settlement. The very intellectuality of those promoters of colonization was prophetic of the future culture of Virginians—a people of oratory, eloquence, statesmanship, and refined manners.

Among the foundation-builders of Massachusetts we find Winthrop, educated at Cambridge, England; Vane, from Oxford, a scholar and statesman, whose genius and life gave ornament to both American and English history; and Leverett, a member of the Royal Society, whose learning was the admiration of two continents. Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was a Cambridge man, and an intimate friend of John Milton and his intellectual like. The younger Winthrop was a college graduate, whose name has stood for culture in Connecticut, where Yale has maintained supremacy for classical education. John Locke, the philosopher,

was so interested in the early development of the political institutions of this country that he wrote a constitution for North Carolina. Oglethorpe came from England's halls of learning and famous fields of glory to found Georgia with a colony of honest debtors, who, though bankrupt financially, were in many instances rich in culture and all the refinements of civilized life. Indeed, one can not walk up and down those Colonies without finding scores and hundreds of learned men, college graduates, who left their intellectual mark upon the age. In further proof of the educational tastes and tendencies of the people who settled America, during the first one hundred and fifty years we see springing up on every hand such institutions of learning as Harvard in Massachusetts, Yale in Connecticut, Princeton in New Jersey, William and Mary in Virginia, Columbia in New York, Dartmouth in New Hampshire, Brown in Rhode Island, and the University of Pennsylvania. A larger percentage of the ministers, governors, teachers, statesmen, and generals of that day, and of the Revolutionary period, were liberally educated than of those in the same professions to-day.

By the time the Revolution was on, the statesmen of the country were so universally

well educated that three-fourths of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were college graduates. Puritanism was born in Cambridge University, and from the intellectual cradle of its birth the Puritan spirit carried a taste for learning into New England, where were laid the foundations of American science and literature. The college-born spirit of Puritanism essayed to establish in this New World a civilization of intellectual vigor, no less than of material aggrandizement—a civilization which recognizes the school as a bulwark of liberty more impregnable than forts, the press as a weapon of defense mightier than the sword, and education as a guarantee of national power more potent than any kingly scepter. As early as 1647 the free common school was established in Massachusetts by order of the General Court. They wrought grandly—those serious, sensible fathers—but not more grandly than they knew; for there never came to the building of a new nation a more progressive and high-minded race of men than our national founders, who were enlightened enough to appreciate the fact that the intelligence which had asserted their liberty was essential to its maintenance. So wisely did those first Americans plan and execute that, after a

lapse of nearly two hundred years, Daniel Webster could say: "Among the luminaries in the sky of New England, the burning lights which throw intelligence and happiness on her people, the first and most brilliant is her common schools." Since those first days, the common school has been intimately related to the growth and maintenance of republicanism. It has had a political mission in securing the democracy of intelligence and the intelligence of democracy. It has come to be a conviction with us that freedom can be achieved only by the maintenance of the people's intelligence, and the people's intelligence can be maintained only by a common-school system that will give universally to the generations as they rise the elements of a liberal education. Seminaries may educate classes; the common school alone can educate the masses. Despotisms may even plant and patronize colleges; republics alone are safe in establishing common schools. Tyranny and aristocracy have flourished in the classic halls of universities; but the common school, which has stripped the people of their burdens and princes of their privileges, has very consistently received scant favor from monarchical forms of government.

There is not a throne of Europe that is not

yielding its ancient prerogatives to the rights of people in the ratio of the people's advancement in elementary education. Knowledge is power, whether it be with the few or the many. The power of the people is conditioned on their information.

The greatest problem which our educational system has to solve at the present time, and for some time to come, is not how republics may produce great geniuses, nor how we may come to a Grecian glory in art, a Roman power in arms, an English greatness in letters, or a French splendor in fashion, but how shall we make a homogeneous body politic out of our heterogeneous population? This problem can be solved only by the common school, which shall take the children of American, Irish, Scotch, German, Italian, Bohemian, and Scandinavian parentage, and so mold and fashion them that they will come forth to the duties and privileges of American citizenship as characteristic Americans, their minds and characters stamped with an indelible Americanism, and their hearts holding a legitimate pride of citizenship such as never animated the bosom of a Roman. Not by colleges, not by aristocratic private seminaries, not by the narrow denominational or

parochial school, but by the broad, thorough, democratic, non-sectarian common school is this all-important Americanizing work to be accomplished.

As it was the high mission of our fathers to establish the common school and thereby secure an enlightened and unified Americanism, so should it be recognized as our duty to preserve the common school from the blighting influence of an alien foreignism and an intermeddling ecclesiasticism. The Mississippi was never politically nor religiously predestined to become a tributary to the Rhine, the Shannon, or the Tiber.

But an elementary education, however universal it may become, does not constitute greatness nor secure a people in their liberties. That higher more liberal training of intellect and genius which results in mental production, in the creation of arts, sciences, and letters, is essential to inspire a lasting pride and love of country. Where, it may be asked, are our great books, our works of art, our systems of philosophy, our epics and our oratorios? Have we now, or is there to be, a distinctively American literature, an American school of art, an American culture and civilization?

Though Matthew Arnold imagined that American civilization was identical with English civilization, and facetiously criticised what we were assuming to call "American literature," "American art," and "American culture," he was for the moment unphilosophical enough to suppose that language more than anything else gave character to art and letters, and that identity of language meant identity of culture and of civilization. But the arts and literatures of the past have found their true character in the conditions, histories, faiths, struggles, aspirations, and high purposes of peoples more than in their languages. And, though our language be the English, there are other elements entering into the structure of our civilization which must make it as distinct from a purely English civilization as the Hebrew was distinct from the Egyptian, and the Roman from the Greek.

There is a clearly-defined Americanism in the very genius of our political institutions, and that Americanism will express itself in American arts and letters, in the culture which must here be developed. It is possible we are as yet too imitative in our art and literature; but there is quite a movement toward liberty and originality in recent years which encourages us to look for-

ward to the coming of artists and authors who shall be the founders and masters of distinctively American schools. America has already distinguished herself in the production of inventive geniuses and of political and military geniuses. With such inventors as Franklin, Fulton, Morse, Field, Howe, and Edison; with statesmen like Hamilton, Jefferson, Adams, Webster, Seward, Sumner, and Lincoln; and with generals of the talent and genius of Washington, Jackson, Taylor, Scott, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and Grant, may we not look for artists and poets of equally great powers? Shall we confess that Poe, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell, proud of them as we may be, are more than the heralds and prophets of a mightier singer yet to come? Is there not in store for this people a poet who shall be to us what Homer was to the Greeks, Virgil to the Romans, Dante to the Italians, Goethe to the Germans, Molière to the French, and Milton or Shakespeare was to the English—the undisputed and eternal exponent of their poetic life and literary greatness? And, likewise, may we not find in the artistic endeavors of this people the promise of an art achievement equally great with their achievements in science, government, and invention?

Will he not some day appear who shall be to us what Raphael is to the Italians, Rembrandt to the Dutch, Claude to the French, Murillo to the Spaniards, and Turner to the English—our master, a world master? This, it must be, is our hope and our destiny in the higher realms of national developments and achievements. But nations are slow in coming to their best age. The critics of our American culture must grant us the fair privilege of ample time for full growth in the intellectualities. They must consider the embarrassing magnitude of the material problems obstructing the way of America's literary and æsthetic progress. They must not demand fruit before its season.

It took the Greeks six hundred years to come to Phidias and the Golden Age; it took the Romans eight hundred years to reach Virgil and the Augustan Age; it took the English fifteen hundred years after their first contact with classic Rome to rise to a Shakespeare and an Elizabethan Age. Let us not be discouraged if our granaries do outgrow our schools of learning and our galleries of art, and if our millionaires are more numerous than our poets. The foundations of culture are being laid in our material prosperity. Our political development, wealth,

and stability will condition national taste and refinement. Then from the amalgamation of the nations of the earth now going on in America there must come a new order of genius which shall give forth a new and an original art and literature, and attain a higher, nobler culture than has yet been known. The intellectual harvest has not yet had time to ripen. The seed sown by those strong-brained pioneers had mighty promise in it; the fullness of time will reveal that it was endowed with the potency of the highest refinements and of the most liberal culture.

The early settlement of our country had its religious characteristics. History will teach the philosophic mind that Providence has been working toward the establishment of a great republic. Protestantism alone can furnish a basis for such a government. Roman Catholicism for fifteen hundred years has been inimical to democracy. Its policy has been to quench rather than to encourage the spirit of liberty. It has never believed in the power of the people. It antagonizes the right of free thought and free worship. It condemns what is called the right of private judgment. The power that rose up against the Reformation would rise up against republicanism. A nationalism which does not

recognize the temporal power of the papacy, but is established on the great corner-stones of free judgment, free speech, free school, and free Church, is a menace to the political ambition and despotic power of ecclesiastical Romanism. It is remarkable that Maryland alone was colonized by a Roman Catholic, and that even Calvert was not influential, or possibly he was not Catholic enough, to prevent Protestantism in the form of Episcopalianism gaining the ascendancy even in that Colony. It is no less remarkable that nearly all the Colonies were settled by non-conformists, by those independent sects which were in the lead of the great Protestant development. The Puritans of New England were the true followers of Wyclif, "the morning star of the Reformation." They were even in advance of the Church of England. The Bible in the translations of Wyclif, Coverdale, and Tyndale had awakened them to the simplicity of Christianity, and they held to that fundamental idea of the Reformation, "the Bible is the sole authority for belief and conduct." They went a step farther, and declared that in all things, in belief, conduct, and even Church discipline, the Bible is our only authority. This idea came in conflict with the doctrine that the Church is authority,

and the pope or king is head of the Church. Returning to apostolic simplicity of form and worship the Puritans in England became the true leaders of Protestantism. They were persecuted, their ministers driven from their pulpits, and they found safety only in exile. While Bacon was teaching the new philosophy, while Shakespeare was singing his immortal strains, while England was exulting in her golden age of letters, the pure-minded, honest, conscientious Puritans were driven from their churches and their homes to find toleration in a foreign country. For a season they found a resting-place in Holland. They were pilgrims indeed. But one day in 1620, a company of them knelt about their faithful pastor, John Robinson, at Delft, bade farewell to friends and kindred, and turned their faces toward "the continent of the future." Those Pilgrims lauded in the New World as they had departed from the Old World, with devout worship, and the settlement of New England was inaugurated with song and prayer.

In the progress of the settlement of the Colonies we find that Roger Williams's advanced religious ideas, which made even Massachusetts too narrow for him, led him to found Rhode Island. It has been difficult for the human

mind to liberate itself from the spirit of intolerance. The right of private judgment, and the right of every man to worship God after the dictates of his own conscience, have been reluctantly acknowledged after centuries of persecution. Nor can it be claimed that the Roman Catholics have had a monopoly of intolerance. The very reformers had a dictatorial spirit. Luther was not entirely free from the long-cultivated bigotry that characterized Romanism. Calvin was a severe and intolerant dogmatist. The Established Church of England would not tolerate the advanced ideas of religious freedom and independence held by the Puritans. The Puritans, after having fled from the persecutions of Episcopalian bigotry, became the religious dictators of the New World, and were as intolerant of more advanced ideas as the Church of England had been of theirs. Rhode Island stands on the foundation of Roger Williams's courage and right to think and worship with a sense of responsibility to God alone.

New Jersey was in a state of turmoil, rather than of settlement, until the Quakers, under the leadership of Penn, found it an asylum, and made it their home. Pennsylvania was hardly less religious in its settlement than the land of

Canaan, and William Penn was, to the persecuted Quakers whom he established in this colony, both a Moses and a Joshua. The foundation-stone of this great Commonwealth was brotherly love—the first and greatest principle of Christianity. It was by the very consistency of providential history that the first peal of independence should here ring forth to celebrate the dawn of democracy—the new day of equality and freedom.

The Carolinas were settled by the Huguenots, Scotch Presbyterians, Puritans, and Quakers, a mixture of vigorous, heroic, conscientious materials for a Christian community. Georgia, under the governorship of the philanthropic Oglethorpe, became a most hospitable and inviting country to the Moravians, who were the disciples of Huss, and the Salzburgers of Austria, who had become converts to the Lutheran Reformation. Thither, also, came Whitefield and the Wesleys, to lay the foundation of what was to be Georgia's great Methodism. So strictly moral and Christian were the beginnings of this Commonwealth, which in our day is one of the most promising industrial centers of the South, that laws were enacted prohibiting slavery and the sale of intoxicants. It was not until the climate had en-



JOHN WESLEY.

erated those God-fearing first settlers, or their children, that slavery was permitted to enter, ostensibly to relieve the whites of the burdens which they were not strong enough to bear, and of the wage expense which they were too poor to meet.

Wherever we study this early life in America, it appears that religion, in form or spirit, is recognized as the foundation of social order; the Bible is accepted as authority in social and personal morals—its teachings are an essential part of the common law; the Sabbath is observed as a day of rest and worship; Jesus Christ is adored as the Savior of the world; a Divine Providence is admitted to rule over the destinies of nations; religious liberty gradually prevails; intolerance disappears; while simplicity of worship, honesty, temperance, frugality, brotherly love, are growing characteristics of the people.

It might have been prophesied that the faults and weaknesses of character and education—to which the origin of religious intolerance, the witchcraft experiences, and slavery must be attributed—would some day disappear. The core of that early character was integrity. In its development into our noble, free Americanism it was destined to outgrow the limitations which had been fixed by early customs and train-

ing, and to produce a richer, more liberal life of intellectual aspiration, moral purpose, social happiness, and political equality.

In the broad and humane character of our land, in our law-protected religious and political liberty, in the Christian genius of our American institutions, in the growing greatness of our free and prosperous Republic, we may almost felicitate ourselves upon having seen the dawning splendors of that

“One, far-off, divine event,
To which the whole creation moves,”

and of which the poets long have sung and seers have prophesied.

A Christian republic is the ideal government toward the realization of which every struggle for political and religious liberty has contributed. The philosophy of history reveals that the controlling forces which have shaped events and determined national destinies have been the love of freedom and the fear of God. In the long conflicts between the rights of the people and the pretenses of tyrants, between the conscience of the individual and the dictates of ecclesiasticism, liberty and pure religion have been constant allies.

Religion, as distinct from superstition, has not destroyed liberty, but has championed her cause; while law-protected liberty has not destroyed religion, but has cleared a way for her progress. The true spirit of Christianity and of constitutional freedom have never been divorced. They have walked hand in hand down our Anglo-Saxon history, with songs of hope and progress, scattering the precious seed that has sprouted and ripened into the laws and institutions of great and happy nations. When Alfred the Great was laying the foundation of the English constitution he recognized the ethics of Christianity to be fundamental to the establishment of social order, the stability of political government, and the defense of human rights. From the days of this vigorous Saxon king, English law has recognized the authority of the Bible, and through the entire warp and woof of that noble unwritten constitution, which has come out of the noisy loom of debate and battle, have been woven the golden threads of theistic and Christian ideas. Blackstone, in his Commentaries on the common law of England, says: "Upon the law of nature and the law of revelation depend all human laws, . . . yet undoubtedly the revealed law is of infinitely more authority than that moral

system which is framed by ethical writers and denominated the natural law." Judge Story says: "There never has been a period when the common law did not recognize Christianity as lying at its foundation." Chief-Justice Shea claims that "the common law of England came from the Sacred Scriptures chiefly." The eloquent Erskine, in his famous prosecution of the publisher of the "Age of Reason," exclaimed: "The Christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land." We have inherited that common law, and to eliminate therefrom the spirit of Christianity and the recognition of the moral authority of the Bible, would be to undermine the beautiful fabric, to rob the noble structure of the very cement of its unity and stability.

When our fathers brought their religion with them to this great continent, they seemed almost inspired as, with prayer and hymn and ordinances of Christian worship, they laid the foundation of our greatness, and planted the germs of our national prosperity. Christian conviction stood at the helm of the *Mayflower*; Christian hope unfurled her white sails for a new world; Christian faith, with a song of praise and a prayer of dependence, leaped from her deck to Plymouth Rock; and Christian conscience took

this land for Christian liberty. A thoughtful, serious people; a people with Bibles and religious scruples; a people given to worship and prayer; a people believing in Providence, and remembering the Sabbath to keep it holy; a people of heroic mold amid dangers, privations, and struggles, long and terrible,—fashioned the strong framework of our Ship of State.

“We know what masters laid thy keel;
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel;
Who made each mast and sail and rope;
What anvils rang, what hammers beat;
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.”

For, whatever the poet's intention, no song that celebrates our national glory and origin can be true that does not include the Pilgrims with the Revolutionary fathers in that noble band of heroes whose love of God and liberty gave to our national history its mighty initial impulse.

Referring to the Protestants who first peopled this country, De Tocqueville says: “They brought with them into the New World a form of Christianity which I can not better describe than by styling it a democratic and republican religion. This sect contributed powerfully to the establishment of democracy and a republic;

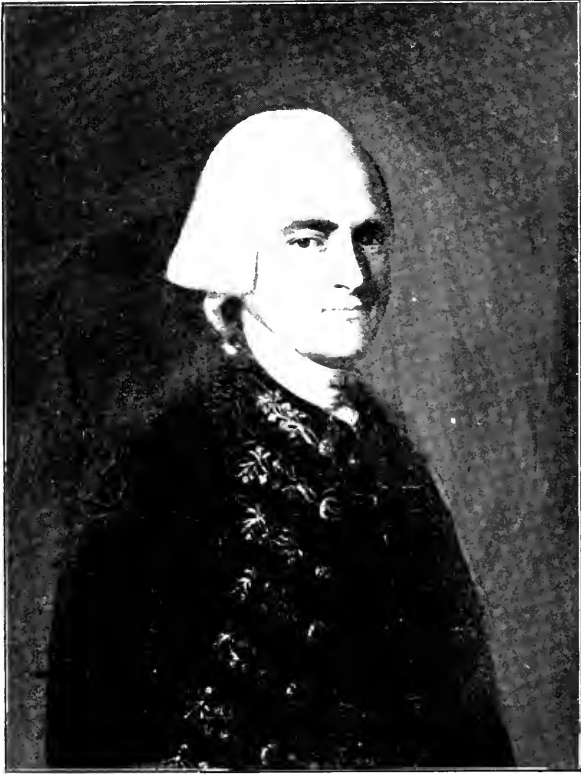
and from the earliest settlement of the emigrants, politics and religion contracted an alliance which has never been dissolved." Again he says: "In the United States the sovereign authority is religious. . . . There is no country in the whole world in which the Christian religion retains a greater influence over the souls of men than in America, and there can be no greater proof of its utility, and of its conformity to human nature, than that its influence is most powerfully felt over the most enlightened and free nation of the earth." But one more statement of this noble writer is needed to prevent a misapprehension of a previous assertion. He says: "Religion in America takes no direct part in the government of society, but it must nevertheless be regarded as the foremost of the political institutions of that country; for, if it does not impart a taste for freedom, it facilitates the use of free institutions." These are the careful, philosophical conclusions of one of the profoundest students of our American institutions—of the greatest political writer of the nineteenth century. With Charles Sumner, every American citizen of noble feeling must exclaim: "Honor and gratitude to his memory!"

While Massachusetts remembers her Christian

founders: her Standish, her Carver, her Endicott, and Winthrop; while the Empire State remembers her Stuyvesant, and her Dutch Protestant origin; while Connecticut remembers her Puritan colonizers, her Eaton and Davenport, her Vane and Winthrop, and the ministers who founded her glorious Yale; while Rhode Island remembers her Baptist sires and her Roger Williams; while Georgia remembers her Oglethorpe, her Methodists and Moravians; while Pennsylvania remembers her Quaker fathers and her noble Penn; and while Americans all remember the first settlers of the original Colonies from which our glorious States have arisen,—they will remember that they are not sprung from the degenerate loins of Atheism; that they have not inherited the enervated laws of a Christless infidelity; that they do not belong to a race of Bible-haters and Sabbath-breakers; that they are not part of a Godless civilization. Nor can this become an infidel nation until it has plowed up the bones of its Christian ancestors, and hurled them into the ingulfing sea from the New England shores, which they have consecrated for two hundred and fifty years. This can not become a Bibleless, Sabbathless people until they have forgotten the greatest champions

of liberty and wisest legislators of State that dignify their history. This can not become an Atheistic nation until it has ceased to read its charters of liberty, and has forgotten the events which have forged its greatness.

The Revolutionary fathers, in times that tried men's souls, were not ashamed to acknowledge their dependence upon God. Those serious, devoted, firm-souled men believed in the Providence that fights the battles of justice and of liberty. Blot out the expressions of faith, reverence, and thanksgiving, with which those old worthies recognized the providence and authority of God, and a black stain is put on every great oration that fell from the inspired lips of that majestic Revolutionary eloquence. Look into the speeches and correspondence of those great nation-makers—what respect for religion! what a noble trust in God! On the eve of the struggle for independence, Boston is electrified by the patriotic eloquence of Joseph Warren. "Like Harrington he wrote, like Cicero he spoke, like Hampden he lived, and like Wolfe he died." Urging the people on to liberty, he said: "If you perform your part, you must have the strongest confidence that the same Almighty Being who protected your pious and venerable



JOHN HANCOCK.

forefathers; who enabled them to turn a barren wilderness into a fruitful field; who so often made bare his arm for their salvation,—will still be mindful of you, their offspring. May this Almighty Being graciously preside in all our councils! May he direct us to such measures as he himself shall approve, and be pleased to bless! May we ever be a people favored of God!" Then John Hancock, still nearer the Revolutionary beginning, raised his voice to speak such golden words as these: "I have the most animating confidence that the present struggle for liberty will terminate gloriously for America. And let us play the man for our God and for the cities of our God. While we are using the means in our power, let us humbly commit our righteous cause to the great Lord of the universe, who loveth righteousness and hateth iniquity. And, having secured the approbation of our hearts by a faithful and unwearied discharge of our duty to our country, let us joyfully leave our concerns in the hands of Him who raiseth up and putteth down the empires and kingdoms of the world as he pleases; and, with cheerful submission to his sovereign will, devoutly say: 'Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines;

the labor of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls,—yet we will rejoice in the Lord, we will joy in the God of our salvation.’ ”

Still later, Patrick Henry thrills the Colonies with such words as: “An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts is all that is left us. . . . Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemies can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battle alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.” Samuel Adams, who hardly ever delivered a great speech, or wrote an article in defense of human rights, without reference to the authority of God, and who moved that the Continental Congress be opened with prayer, drew up the report on the rights of the Colonists, and therein laid down this basis for their rights as Christians: “These,” he says, “may be best understood by reading, and carefully studying the institutes of the great Lawgiver and head of the Christian Church, which are to be found clearly written and promulgated

in the New Testament." John Adams, who called the Bible the "best book in the world," wrote to his wife on the day following the vote on the "Declaration of Independence," saying: "The second day of July ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty." And Washington himself, the Father of our Country, thus closes the letter in which he resigns his commission as general-in-chief of the victorious American armies: "I consider it as an indispensable duty to close this last solemn act of my official life by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping." In his letter to the governors he closes with these noble words: "I now make an earnest prayer that God would have you and the State over which you preside in his holy protection; that he would incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; to entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another, for their fellow-citizens of the United States at large, and particularly for their brethren who have served in the field; and finally, that he would most graciously be pleased to dis-

pose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion, without a humble imitation of whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation." Delivering the First Inaugural as first President of the United States, he said: "It would be particularly improper to omit, in the first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect; that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States a government instituted by themselves for those essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration to execute with success the functions allotted to his charge. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the Invisible Hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency." Thus spoke our God-fearing, Christian fathers.

But more than this, not a great oration ever rolled from the lips of Anglo-Saxon eloquence in defense of human rights that had not in it an acknowledgment of the authority of God's law, and a mention of God's name with reverence and faith. The blunt John Bright, the scholarly Sumner, the silver-tongued Clay, the Titanic Webster, the classical Everett, the polished Lee, the vigorous Henry, the impassioned Otis, the Demosthenean Chatham, the Ciceronian Burke, never spoke an immortal oration that was not adorned with a reverential mention of the name and law of God. And still further, the name of God and a recognition of the authority of his law are found in every great written instrument that has secured for man his rights and liberties throughout English and American political history. We find the name of God, and a recognition of his authority, engraven on the foundation-stone of English liberty, written in the famous Magna Charta of King John, in the "Declaration of Independence," in the "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States," in the "Emancipation Proclamation." On nearly every grand monument that celebrates the triumphs of human rights and the glorious progress of liberty in America, is inscribed some

reverential recognition of the Deity. In the corner-stones of a hundred thousand churches that jewel this land from sea to sea, lies a copy of the Word of God, which says: "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." In the corner-stones of four hundred colleges, established for the liberal education of American youth, lies a copy of that Bible which says: "Receive knowledge rather than choice gold; for wisdom is better than rubies." In the corner-stones of hundreds of hospitals and asylums and other benevolent institutions, lies a copy of that Bible which teaches that of all the graces that adorn manhood, the greatest is sweet charity. Every great monument reared to honor heroism and patriotic devotion, or to commemorate any great triumph of freedom, from the granite shaft of Bunker Hill to the noble piles that celebrate the deeds and devotion of the late saviors of the Union, every one was begun and unveiled with prayer. We must plow up these prayer-planted, Bible-holding corner-stones, and hurl them with Plymouth Rock into the sea, before we can cease to be a Christian nation. Nearly every great monument, every great legislative and judicial body, every great code of laws and charter of rights, every great liberty-advancing revolution, every

great book, every great oration, every great poet and orator, every great statesman and judge, every great soldier, patriot, reformer, and philanthropist, every great discoverer and inventor, hero and martyr, that has glorified our Anglo-Saxon history has paid a just, reverential tribute to Almighty God, to the Holy Bible, and to the Christian religion. We are a Christian people, and our civilization is the glorious and immortal offspring of the Divine Providence.

In the character of our laws, and the genius of our institutions we find the culmination of the co-operative influence of the spirit of liberty and the spirit of religion, which, through the ages, has been making for righteousness, and peace—a righteousness based on the eternal law of God, a peace founded on the inalienable rights of man.

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